

# The Monthly Chronicle

OF

## NORTH-COUNTRY+LORE+AND+LEGEND

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### The Rising in the North.

**T**HE North of England was the scene of a formidable rebellion which broke out in the twelfth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth (1569). The re-establishment of the Reformed faith shortly after the Queen's accession had caused much dissatisfaction there. The old order of things, indeed, seemed passing away; but there were many thousands of Englishmen throughout Yorkshire, Lancashire, Durham, Northumberland, and the other Northern Counties, still sincerely attached to the religion of their ancestors.

The arrival in England of that most unfortunate of queens, Mary of Scotland, who was at once a devout Catholic and the nearest heir to the English crown, gave the discontent of the Catholics a definite aim and purpose. A series of intrigues was therefore commenced, with a view not only to secure the quiet succession of the Queen of Scots on Elizabeth's demise, but to invest her with additional dignity by an honourable marriage.

The Duke of Norfolk was the only English peer who at that time enjoyed the highest title of nobility; and as there were then no princes of the blood, he was beyond comparison the first subject in England, owing to the splendour of his family, the opulence of his fortune, and the extent of his personal influence. His grandfather and father had long been regarded as the leaders of the Catholics, and this hereditary attachment, joined to the alliance of blood, had procured him the friendship of the most considerable men of that party; but as he had been educated among the Reformers, and was sincerely attached to their principles, he enjoyed the rare felicity of being popular with both factions in the State. The scheme now set on foot was to bring about a marriage between

Norfolk, who was a widower and of a suitable age, and the beautiful and accomplished Queen of Scots, who was then imprisoned at Tutbury, under the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

This match was proposed to the most considerable of the English nobility, and among the rest to the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, both of whom were Catholics, and very powerful in the North. The plan was likewise communicated to the French and Spanish Courts, which warmly encouraged it. The Earl of Leicester, Elizabeth's favourite, undertook to break the matter to her Majesty; but before he could find an opportunity to do so, inklings of it had come to her ear by other hands, not in the most pleasant shape; and she was thrown into so violent a passion by the intelligence that all hope of getting her consent was dispelled.

The Duke of Norfolk, when the Queen taxed him with it as almost an act of treason, essayed to pacify her by a sneer, glancing at the fate of Mary's first husband, and affecting to prefer his own proud position, as an English nobleman, to that of king of so poor and miserable a realm as Scotland; but he did not succeed in reassuring her. On the contrary, he was committed to the Tower with several of his friends. Lesley, Bishop of Ross, the Queen of Scots' ambassador, was examined as to what he knew of the affair, and confronted with Norfolk, before the Council, in order to get at the truth. Arundel, Throgmorton, and Lumley were also taken into custody. The Queen of Scots herself was removed to Coventry; all access to her was, during some time, strictly prohibited; and Viscount Hereford was joined to the Earls of Shrewsbury and Huntingdon in the office of guarding her.

In the meantime, a rumour had been diffused in the

North of an intended rebellion, the leaders of which, it was stated, were to be the two earls above-named. Both these noblemen were in their way remarkable men. Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland, was the seventh who had borne the title. He is the Blandamont of Spenser's "Fairy Queen." His father, Sir Thomas Percy, had taken part in the Pilgrimage of Grace, or Aske's Rebellion, in 1536-7, and paid the last penalty of the law for doing so on the scaffold at Tyburn. The earl was, though by no means a craven, constitutionally no warrior. About ten years before the time we write of, he had been superseded in the wardenship of the Middle March. He was, therefore, not very well disposed towards Elizabeth's Government. Being privy to the intended match between the Queen of Scots and the Duke of Norfolk, and having discovered to the duke a design formed by Leonard Dacre—one of the Dacres of Naworth—to get Mary out of confinement, he grew sensible of his danger. So he submitted himself to the Earl of Sussex, at that time President of the North, begging the favour of his mediation with Elizabeth in his behalf. Sussex promised to do this; but, shortly afterwards, learning that Northumberland, Westmoreland, and others, were having frequent secret interviews, he suspected there was something wrong. Sussex sent for them, Camden tells us, and "examined them on that head." They flatly denied the existence of any plot, and made the most solemn asseverations that they were ready to venture their lives for the Queen. However, jealousies of their behaviour increased to such a degree that the Queen commanded Sussex to summon them to London, there to clear themselves of suspicion. The Lord-President seems to have wished to get the earls into his power before further alarming them, for he sent them word that he was desirous of seeing them at York, to "consult about the affairs of his province," "on what design it is hard to guess at," says Camden.

But the earls had already proceeded so far that they dared not trust themselves in the hands of the Queen's lieutenant. They had, it seems, prepared for a general rising—had communicated their designs to Mary and her Ministers—had entered into correspondence with the Duke of Alba, governor of the Low Countries—had obtained his promise of a reinforcement of troops, and of a supply of arms and ammunition—and had prevailed on him to send over Chiapino Vitelli, one of his most famous captains, on pretence of adjusting some differences with the Queen, but in reality with a view to his putting himself at the head of the Northern rebels as soon as the plot should be ripe.

The second summons sent to the earls precipitated the rising. They were far from being yet fully prepared, but the secret would keep no longer. The Queen's letter, containing her peremptory orders to appear presently before her, "all excuses and pretences apart," left them no alternative but unconditional submission, or the immediate hoisting of the standard in the face of all risk.

As soon as the Earl of Northumberland, who was then staying at his house at Topcliffe, in Yorkshire, had read this letter, Camden tells us that "between the softness of his nature and the consciousness of his guilt—the bigotry of his persuasion and the violence of his resentment for a conceived wrong done to him in relation to a rich copper mine found upon his estate by virtue of the Queen's right to royal mines—he seemed to labour under very great suspense, whether it were best to apply to her Majesty or to seek his safety by flight, or to turn rebel." But all hesitation was soon at an end. For, as Camden relates, "the earl's friends and servants who were ripe for mischief and sedition, observing their master's irresolution, alarmed him at midnight with the surprising cry that Oswald, Ulstrop, and Vaughan, his enemies, were ready with arms and men to take him prisoner. They entreated him not to betray himself, his friends, and the faith of his ancestors; and represented to him that the Catholics were ready all England over to assert the Romish religion, and that the bells were being rung backwards, almost in every parish, to encourage people to an insurrection. The earl, getting out of bed, withdrew to a lodge in his own park, near Topcliffe; and the next night retired to Brancepeth, a seat of the Earl of Westmoreland, where he found a great number of people."

The Earl of Westmoreland, Charles Neville, the Paridial of the "Fairy Queen," was constitutionally about as unfit to lead an army as his cousin Northumberland was. But his friends and vassals had gathered round him on receipt of the Queen's letter. "To arms without delay! to York and London!" were the cries of the multitude. Numbers of the common people came in to swell the array, and the chiefs accordingly set up their standards.

The common banner of the rebels had a crucifix woven into it, with the representation of a chalice and of the five wounds of Christ, with the name of Jesus wrote in the middle. It was borne by an ancient gentleman, with venerable white hair, Richard Norton, Esquire, of Norton Conyers, who, with his nine sons, had devoted themselves to the cause, and whose daughter, "a solitary maid," had wrought it at the request of her father.

The insurgent earls lost no time in publishing a manifesto, in which they declared that they meant to attempt nothing against the Queen, to whom they still professed unshaken allegiance. Their sole aim, they said, was to re-establish the religion of their ancestors, to remove evil councillors from the royal presence, and to restore the Duke of Norfolk and other faithful peers, then in prison or disgrace, to their liberty and the Queen's favour. They likewise declared their intention to have the succession of the Crown firmly settled, and to obtain guarantees against the destruction of the ancient nobility, and the unwarrantable promotion of base-born persons by the abuse of the royal prerogative.

The malcontents, when they set out from Brancepeth,

amounted to some fifteen hundred men only, but in their progress southwards the number was swelled to about four thousand foot and sixteen hundred horse. Their leaders fully expected the concurrence of all the Catholics in England, so soon as the news should be spread abroad that they had raised the standard of the true cross. They had sent letters to the Catholic nobility and gentry all round the kingdom, advising them to come to their assistance; but most of the parties sent the letters they had received, with the bearers thereof, to the Queen.

When word was brought to Elizabeth that the earls had actually risen, we are told that—

She turned her round about,  
And like a royal queen she swore:  
I will order them such a breakfast,  
As never was seen in the North before.

Whether true or not, this is quite in character, for her grace would sometimes swear at her bishops, let alone her nobles, as well as box their ears. At any rate she was not negligent in her own defence; and as she had beforehand, from her prudent and wise conduct, acquired the general goodwill of such of her people as preferred a steady, firm government to perpetual changes—the best security of a sovereign—even the Catholics in most counties, content in the meantime with the measure of toleration accorded to them, disapproved of this hasty, ill-advised rising. Indeed several of them went so far as to volunteer their services to help to put it down. Norfolk himself, though he had lost Elizabeth's favour, and lay in confinement, was not wanting, so far as his situation permitted, in the promotion of levies among his friends and retainers.

Still, the danger was very great, and the alarm corresponding. The Earl of Sussex wrote frankly to Elizabeth, a short time before the actual outbreak, that "there was not ten gentlemen in Yorkshire that did allow (approve) her proceedings in the cause of religion." Fortunately he was as brave as he was frank, and as cool as he was loyal, and he held York stoutly, giving way to no panic; while Elizabeth deprived the revolt of its most active weapon by hastily removing Mary to a new prison. It took all the heart out of the more powerful men of the party, when they learned that the Queen of Scots had been transferred from Tutbury to Coventry, a distant and strongly fortified town, in the midst of an unfriendly population, who would give no material or moral aid, but the contrary, for her deliverance.

The first efforts of the insurgents were directed against Durham. Entering that city unopposed on the 13th November, they caused high mass to be said once more on the altar of St. Cuthbert.

From Durham, the main body moved southwards by easy journeys, through Darlington, Richmond, Ripon, and Boroughbridge, reinstating the old religion as they went, their cry being to "reduce all causes of religion to the old custom and usage." A party was detached to occupy Hartlepool, in order that they might have a harbour in which to receive the Spanish succours which

they looked for, but which never came. The furthest point the rebels reached was Bramham or Clifford Moor, near Weatherby, where, according to one ballad-writer, they numbered thirteen thousand, which another raises to sixteen thousand men, doubtless a gross exaggeration. Such as their numbers were, it was an undisciplined tumultuous force, totally unequal to cope with well-led regular troops.

Meanwhile, Sir George Bowes was raising a power in the bishopric in the rear of the insurgents. The Earl of Sussex was in their front, with three thousand picked men; and a short way behind him was a much larger array, under the Earl of Warwick, who had been busy levying troops in the Midland Counties.

The original intention had been to proceed direct to York, and thence to London, raising the country as they went; but, after a hasty council of war, held in a cottage on the moor-edge, they resolved to fall back upon Barnard Castle, the key to the natural fastnesses of Teesdale, Weardale, and South Tynedale. Indeed there was nothing else for it. For the two earls, who had spent their large incomes in old-fashioned hospitality, and were on that account extremely well liked, were masters of very little ready money. Northumberland had brought only 8,000 crowns with him, and Westmoreland nothing at all. So they had no means of maintaining their troops, and were unable to undertake any long march away from home. The mass of the Catholics, too, throughout the country showed no disposition to join them. In these circumstances Westmoreland, who, "though he bore a valiant name," had "a heart of a timid frame," began so visibly to despond that many of his men slunk away home. Barnard Castle was bravely held for eleven days by Sir George Bowes, by whose orders the bridge over the Tees had been broken down; and by the time the rebels had taken the old castle, all chance of making head against the royal troops was gone. Yet Northumberland, as well as Norton, still kept up his courage, and remained master of the field till the 13th of December, when the Earl of Sussex, who had marched out of York at the head of 7,000 men, reached the Aucklands, while a still larger army, under the command of Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, was only a short way further off. The rebels, therefore, fearing to be cut to pieces, broke up their camp on the banks of the Tees, and fled northwards across the moors, "in great consternation," to Hexham. From the latter place they straggled in companies, over the dreary Northumbrian and Cumbrian wastes, to Naworth Castle, the ancient seat of the Dacres, within a few miles of Scotland. Here, receiving intelligence that they were closely pursued by 12,000 men, under the Earl of Warwick and Lord Clinton, the earls disbanded their remaining followers, and made their escape separately across the Debateable Land into Liddesdale and Teviotdale, beyond the reach of pursuit.

The bulk of the country folks who had joined the insur-

gents had already fled to their several homes. When Northumberland resolved to withdraw into Scotland, he hoped to find an inviolable asylum with one Hector of Harlaw—"a gentle Armstrong," the ballad calls him, but really a Graham—who dwelt close to the Border on the Scotch side. This man, who had been under great obligations to the earl, had engaged his honour, it seems, to be true to him. But the faithless wretch betrayed his guest for a sum of money to the Earl of Moray, Regent of Scotland, who sent him a prisoner to Lochleven Castle, then belonging to William Douglas. Here he continued till the accession, after Moray's assassination, of his old friend James Douglas, Earl of Morton, to the Scottish Regency. Morton, forgetful of the kindnesses he had received from Northumberland during his exile in England, and intent only on pleasing Elizabeth, sold his unhappy prisoner to the Queen of England, "for a certain price agreed upon"; and the earl was accordingly handed over at Berwick, in May, 1572, to Lord Hunsdon, Warden of the East March; Sir John Foster, Warden of the Middle March, and Sir Robert Drury, Governor of Berwick. He was thence carried to York, and there suffered death, on the 22nd of August in the same year, avowing in his last hour the Pope's supremacy, affirming the realm to be in a state of schism, and stigmatising such Catholics as were the Queen's obedient subjects as no better than heretics.

All the writers of the time (Camden, Hollingshed, Carleton, &c.) assure us that Hector of Harlaw, who was "passing rich" before then, fell shortly after this act of treachery into squalid poverty, and became so infamous that to "take Hector's cloak" grew to be a proverb, to express a worthless fellow who betrays his friend.

The Earl of Westmoreland, more fortunate than his brother earl, got safe over the Fells into Jed Forest, where he found shelter at Ferniehirst, near Jedburgh, with Sir Thomas Ker, one of the chiefs of the clan of that name, who were devoted partisans of Queen Mary. He persuaded the allied Kers and Scots to make an inroad into England, with a view of exciting a quarrel between the two kingdoms. But after they had committed great ravages, they retreated to their own country, as was their usual custom, to secure the spoil they had gathered. In his wild sanctuary on the banks of the Jed, Westmoreland remained till the autumn of 1570, when he set sail from Aberdeen to seek the protection of Spain. He got safe across the sea to Flanders, and there went through a variety of adventures, which are detailed, with obvious exaggeration and a large spice of pure fiction, in a contemporary ballad. He died in extreme old age, as Sir Cuthbert Sharp has ascertained, in 1601.

The Nortons, four in number, the father and three sons, Francis, Sampson, and George, were among the fugitives demanded of the Regent of Scotland by Lord Sussex. The elder Norton, who was seventy-one years of age when

he joined the insurrection, remained in hiding on the Borders for some time. After that, the old man, with Francis and Sampson, got over the water and partook of Spanish bounty—miserably scant, it is true. William Marmaduke and Christopher Norton were taken and executed, with their uncle Thomas. What came of George we do not know.

Sixty-six of the rebels were executed at Durham by Sussex's orders; many others at York and London. They were put to death under martial law, without any regular trial. Sir George Bowes made it his boast that, for sixty miles in length and twenty in breadth, between Newcastle and Weatherby, there was hardly a town or village where he had not executed at least one of the inhabitants. Among those who were put to death at Durham were Plumtree, a priest; Struther, an alderman; and several peace-officers or constables, who had acted under the insurgents' orders. No fewer than eight hundred persons are said to have suffered at the hands of the executioner.

Wordsworth's "White Doe of Rylstone" deals with this unfortunate affair, which likewise became the subject of a great number of ballads.

## Two Border Poetesses.



THE Elliots of Minto are an offshoot of an old Border house which gave in mediæval times a chief to the clan of the same name. In the fifteenth century they were settled in considerable numbers on both sides of the Tweed, and the leading family among them was held responsible for "good rule in Liddesdale."

Gilbert Elliot of Stobs, the first of the family of whose individuality we can be absolutely sure, was born about the end of the sixteenth century. The Borders were then passing through a troubled phase of their history—the old bonds which had held society together were broken, and internecine feuds had taken the place of a national cause. The young laird of Stobs, brought up in the midst of martial surroundings, grew up to manhood a tall, strapping fellow, guiltless of book-learning. In due course he found a suitable wife in Margaret Scot, of Harden, and the lawless state of the country may be gathered from the tradition that the bride's dowry consisted of "half a Michaelmas moon"—in other words, half the produce of a foray carried out under the bright light of a September moon. None of the guests assembled at the wedding were able to read or write; even their names, though among the best in the Border, were far less familiar to friends and neighbours than the appellations founded on personal qualities or peculiarities. Thus, for instance, Gilbert Elliot was known to everyone in the district as "Gibbie wi' the gowden garters," while his wife rejoiced in the soubri-



quet of Maggie Fendy (*Anglice*, handy). It is difficult to understand why these cognomens were given, as unfortunately no record can be found of any occasion on which Gibbie displayed his golden decorations, nor are we informed what particular form of dexterity caused his wife to be called "Fendy"; though the names of her mother, who was known as the "Flower of Yarrow," and that of her sister-in-law, "Muckle Mou'd Meg," are intelligible enough, and preserve for them with posterity the rough but kindly familiarity with which they were regarded by their contemporaries.

The rapidity with which these wild, untutored chieftains were converted into statesmen and soldiers was astonishing. We find, with some amazement, that two sons of this illiterate couple achieved hereditary distinction; others became members of Parliament and colonels in the army; and most of their descendants not only showed great native ability, but, aiming at a high standard of mental excellence, became celebrated for their intellectual gifts. Genius has many forms even in the same family, and in the heart of Yarrow was born in 1727 a gentle singer whose name has come down to us immortalised by a single song.

Jean, daughter of the second Sir Gilbert Elliot, shared to a large degree the cultured tastes and accomplishments of her father. Like him, she was a great reader, and to a considerable knowledge of the classic authors of France and England she added an intimate familiarity with the poetical legends of the surrounding hills and valleys. While her nature was enlarged by a kindly contact with the dwellers in the scattered hamlets and shiels of a countryside famous for its romantic associations, her acquaintance with country life and incidents taught her to sympathise with and express the feelings of men and women who were shepherds and small mountain farmers in the very language and phrase used at their firesides.

Jean also played her part in a little drama which must have revived recollections of the not so long by-past time when her forebears were either engaged in breaking the law or in evading it. In 1745, when Prince Charlie was on his way to Carlisle, a party of his followers suddenly arrived at Minto, the family seat of the Elliots. Sir Gilbert, who was extremely unpopular with the Jacobites, barely received notice of their approach when they appeared before the house. Happily his daughter Jean was equal to the occasion. Receiving her unwelcome guests with graceful hospitality, she detained them within doors until her father found time to reach the refuge of some neighbouring crags. There he lay concealed among boulders, ivy, and brushwood, nor did he leave his hiding place till he saw the last of the troop cross the ford over the Teviot and take the road leading to Cumberland. Afterwards Sir Gilbert was wont to say he owed his life to his daughter's presence of mind, for so exasperated were the rebels against him on account of his

office as Lord Justice Clerk that he would not have been safe if he had fallen into their hands.

Brought up in the very sanctuary of song, the haunts of the Muse as yet unprofaned by the introduction of manufactures, Jean Elliot picked up from some old cottier the "owre word" or refrain which was all that remained of the lament dirge for the Ettrick Forest men who died at Flodden, and wove it into a pathetic strain which breathes the purest spirit of antiquity. The tune of the ballad is ancient, as well as the first line of the opening stanza, and the oft-recurring line which ends each verse—

I've heard them liting at the ewes milking

The flowers of the forest are all wede away.

Admitting so much to be old, the merit of reviving a ballad in the ancient spirit seems to require as much skill as to create a completely new one. The clever and minute manner in which Jean copied the ancient turn of thought and speech led to its being taken by many as a genuine production of some long-forgotten minstrel. Burns, however, was not deceived. He pronounced it a palpable imitation, and Jean Elliot stood revealed as the writer of one of the most touching of all our Border ballads. "The whole lament," says Allen Cunningham, "comes with a cry in our ears as from the survivors of Flodden Field, and, when it is sung, we owe little to imagination when we associate it with the desolation of the Forest and hear in it the ancient wail of its maids and matrons." Indeed, it is so beautifully pathetic as almost to make up for the hopelessly lost original dirge.

Little is known of Jean Elliot's later life. She lived principally with her brother, Lord Minto, and died at his residence, Monteviot, in 1805. Previous to her death we find her spoken of as "a tall, stately old lady, conversing with a certain quiet dignity." The house she resided in, in Edinburgh, is occasionally pointed out; but, save for the memory of that one song, she passed away as though she had never been, if we except the compliment in verse paid to her by the Wizard of the North, who, in "Marmion," tells us of:—

One of those flowers whom plaintive lay  
In Scotland mourns as "weede away."

A well known critic, when he was seeking for the original sources of our ballad poetry, asserted that "the lyric Muse has confined her melting and heroic breathings to a long, narrow, and sometimes barren strip of Border country." This seems strange, but it is even stranger to find that nearly all our pastoral poets not only spring from one part of the British Islands, but in many cases own a common kinship, generally on the maternal side. For instance, Jean Elliot was a cousin of Lady Grisell Baillie, through her grandmother, a Carr of Cavers; while Alison Rutherford—the author of the second set of verses written to the original air of "The Flowers of the Forest"—was a native of the same district, a connection of the Elliots, a

relative of Lady Anne Lindsay, and a distant cousin of Sir Walter Scott's mother. Fairnielee, the birthplace of Alison, is situated on the verge of Ettrick Forest. She took up the same strain as Jean Elliot, and adapted it to a calamity, recent in her time, which had overwhelmed with ruin many of the lairds of the Forest. Both songs are widely known and admired, and both are remarkable for elegiac tenderness. Of the two sets of verses Miss Rutherford's is perhaps the most popular, on account of the absence of many obsolete words found in the first version. It is said that a young gentleman, while roaming among the hills and valleys of Selkirkshire, lost his way, and, after long wandering, came in sight of an aged shepherd, seated by a nameless stream playing on a rustic pipe while he watched his flocks. Many were the wild and unknown tunes played by this moorland Orpheus. Luckily his wondering auditor had skill enough to carry away the air of one of the pleasing melodies. He next had the good fortune to meet with Miss Rutherford, who listened to, and admired, the sad, strange music, which she speedily wedded to suitable verse. Such is the story. The probability is that the air was a common one, that both the ladies heard it, as well as the fragment of the ancient dirge, and that each of them brooded over it to good purpose.

Miss Rutherford, at an early age, married Mr. Cockburn, of Ormiston. After his death, she took up her residence in Edinburgh, where she became a well-known and popular character in the most cultured society of her time. "I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling," though the most celebrated, was by no means the only note she struck on the poetic harp. Other literary efforts followed, and her letters are numerous and brilliant. In one of them, dated "Edinburgh, Saturday night, 15th of the gloomy month when the people of England hang and drown themselves," she gives an amusing account of Walter Scott at the age of six. The precocious boy read, recited, and talked with an understanding and expression beyond his years. When taken to bed at night he said he "liked that lady." "What lady?" "Why, Mrs. Cockburn, for I think she is a virtuoso like myself!" "Dear Walter," said his aunt, "what is a virtuoso?" "Don't ye know? It's one who wishes and will know everything." Such was the child's verdict, and it is interesting to find that that greatest of all Border writers continued throughout his life to love and admire his early friend. Some years after her death, when quoting from her poem, Sir Walter paid the following touching tribute to her memory:—"Even at an age advanced beyond the usual bounds of humanity, she retained a play of the imagination and an activity of intellect which must have been attractive and delightful in youth, but was almost preternatural at this period of life. Her active benevolence, keeping pace with her genius, rendered her equally an object of love and admiration."

The old peel tower of Fairnielee, where Alison Rutherford passed her childhood, still adorns the bank of the Tweed. Forlorn and forsaken, the lonely mansion, with its mouldering walls and deserted chambers, not only affords a commentary on the sad verses penned there, but appears imbued with the very spirit of the plaintive poem first sung beneath its sheltering roof.

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,  
I've felt all its favours and found its decay;  
Sweet is her blessing and kind her caressing,  
But soon it is fled—it is fled far away.

Sir Walter Scott expresses his astonishment at the number of good songs written by "North-Country" ladies of rank and position, and, after mentioning the compositions of Lady Grisel Baillie, Lady Anne Lindsay, Miss Elliot, and Mrs. Cockburn, adds: "I wonder if we masculine wretches can claim five or six songs equal in elegance or pathos out of the long list of Scottish minstrelsy."

M. S. HARDCASTLE.

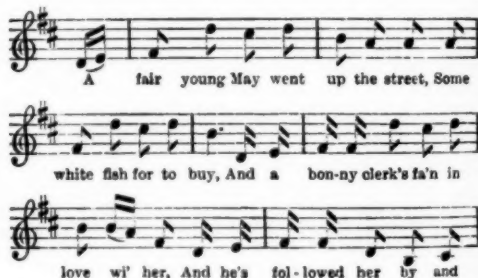
## The North-Country Garland of Song.

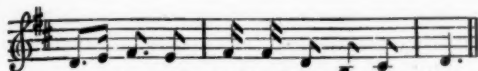
By John Stokoe.

### THE KEACH I' THE CREEL.



HIS old and very humorous ballad has long been a favourite on both sides of the Border, but never appeared in print until about 1845, when a Northumbrian gentleman printed a few copies for private circulation, from one of which the following is taken. In the present impression some trifling typographical errors are corrected, and the phraseology has been rendered uniform throughout. "Keach i' the Creel" means the catch in the basket. When first printed, the ballad was unaccompanied by the melody, which is both lively and tuneful, and admirably suited to the humorous character of the piece. It was discovered by the writer in the manuscript book of tunes collected by the late Mr. James Telfer, the schoolmaster of Saughtree, in Liddeedale, now deposited in the archives of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries.





by, by; He's fol-lowed her by and by.

A fair young May went up the street,  
Some white fish for to buy;  
And a bonny clerk's fa'in i' luv'e wi' her,  
And he's followed her by and by, by,  
And he's followed her by and by.

"O! where live ye, my bonny lass,  
I pray thee tell to me;  
For gin the nicht were ever sae mirk,  
I wad come and visit thee."

"O! my father he aye locks the door,  
My mother keeps the key,  
And gin ye were ever sic a wily wicht,  
Ye canna win in to me."

But the clerk he had ae true brother,  
And a wily wicht was he;  
And he has made a lang ladder  
Was thirty steps and three.

He has made a creek but and a creel,  
A creel but and a pin;  
And he's away to the chimley-top,  
And he's letten the bonny clerk in.

The auld wife, being not asleep,  
Though late, late was the hour;  
"I'll lay my life, quo' the silly auld wife,  
"There's a man! our dochter's bower."

The auld man he gat owre the bed  
To see if the thing was true;  
But she's ta'en the bonny clerk in her arms,  
And covered him owre wi' blue.

"O! where are ye gaun now, father?" she says,  
"And where are ye gaun aye late?  
Ye've disturbed me at my evening prayers,  
And O! but they were sweet"

"O! ill betide ye, silly auld wife,  
"And an ill death may ye dee;  
She has the muckle buik in her arms,  
And she's prayin' for you and me."

The auld wife she gat owre the bed,  
To see if the thing was true;  
But what the rack teuk the auld wife's fit?  
For into the creel she flew.

The man that was at the chimley-top,  
Finding the creel was fu',  
He wrappit the rape round his left shoulder,  
And fast to him he drew.

"O, help! O, help! O, hinny, now, help!  
O, help! O, hinny, do!  
For him that ye aye wished me at,  
He's carryin' me off, just noo."

"O! if the foul thief's gotten ye,  
I wish he may keep his haud;  
For a' the lee lang winter nicht,  
Ye'll never lie in your bed."

He's towed her up, he's towed her down,  
He's towed her through and through;  
"O, Gude, assist," quo' the silly auld wife,  
"For I'm just departin' noo."

He's towed her up, he's towed her down,  
He's gien her a right down fa';  
Till every rib i' the auld wife's side  
Played nick-nack on the wa'.

O! the blue, the bonny, bonny blue,  
And I wish the blue may do weel;  
And every auld wife that's sae jealous o' her dochter,  
May she get a good keach i' the creel, creel;  
May she get a good keach i' the creel.

## Frank Pickering's Fatal Flight.

IT happened in the year 1840 that a poor fellow named Frank Pickering had the ill-luck to be sent to the House of Correction at Hexham for some breach of the poor-laws. The keeper of the prison, John Macpherson, who was a good, worthy man, was accustomed to indulge his prisoners, now and then, by getting them to carry in coals from the door. On July 23rd, when Pickering had been confined several weeks, but had yet a few more to wait, he was set to perform this little task; but, instead of returning to durance vile when it was done, he ran off, as fast as his legs could carry him, to Tyne Green. A local notability, Tom Jeffer, was at his usual post that day at the corner of the Green; and Tom, having often been in prison himself, felt kindly-disposed towards the runaway. So he advised him to take the water, though it was muddy and swollen with the late rains. Frank seemed to hesitate for a moment, but never stopped in his flight. At first he ran towards the Spital Lodge, but soon, hearing that Macpherson and his dog were getting threateningly close to his heels, he was forced to turn back, or double, like a hunted hare. So he crossed the Green, passed the mill-dam by the sluice at its higher end, and reached the main stream of the Tyne a little below the spot where, since 1771, a piece of the old bridge has marked the rise and fall of the water, as it appears or disappears. Necessity now obliged the fugitive to take the only course left for him, which was to ford the river where a number of large stones, set in order for crossing purposes when the water was low, and locally known as a penning, had been laid down across its bed. This he began at once to do, though already much exhausted by running. For a time he went on well, keeping his feet wonderfully. But on coming to a breach in the penning, which could not be forded, he felt for an instant as if he had finished his earthly race. Eagerly was he watched from the bank, however, as in sheer despair he attempted to clear the breach. The poor fellow was seen to disappear in the rushing waters. He was then visible for an instant only a little lower down the stream, and that was all. Three poplar trees on the north side of the Tyne used to be pointed out to visitors by that venerable Non-conformist, the late Mr. John Ridley, as marking the spot where Frank Pickering was drowned. Frank's mother, we are told, kept a small inn at Bardon Mill, and two or three men who felt deep sympathy for her came down from the west as soon as the news reached them, and

searched for his corpse next day. Some imagined, against all probability, that he had got out on the other side, and reached some safe hiding-place; and accordingly little seems to have been attempted the day after for the recovery of the body. But on the following Sunday morning Richard Muse, a tanner, working in Gilligate, Hexham, who had often done good service on occasions like this, being an expert diver, succeeded, with some help, in finding the body, which was fished out from near the Hermitage, a little below the place where the fugitive was drowned. It was taken to Tyne Mills in the first place, and subsequently, after the inquest, when a verdict of "Death by misadventure" was returned, interred in Haltwhistle parish churchyard.

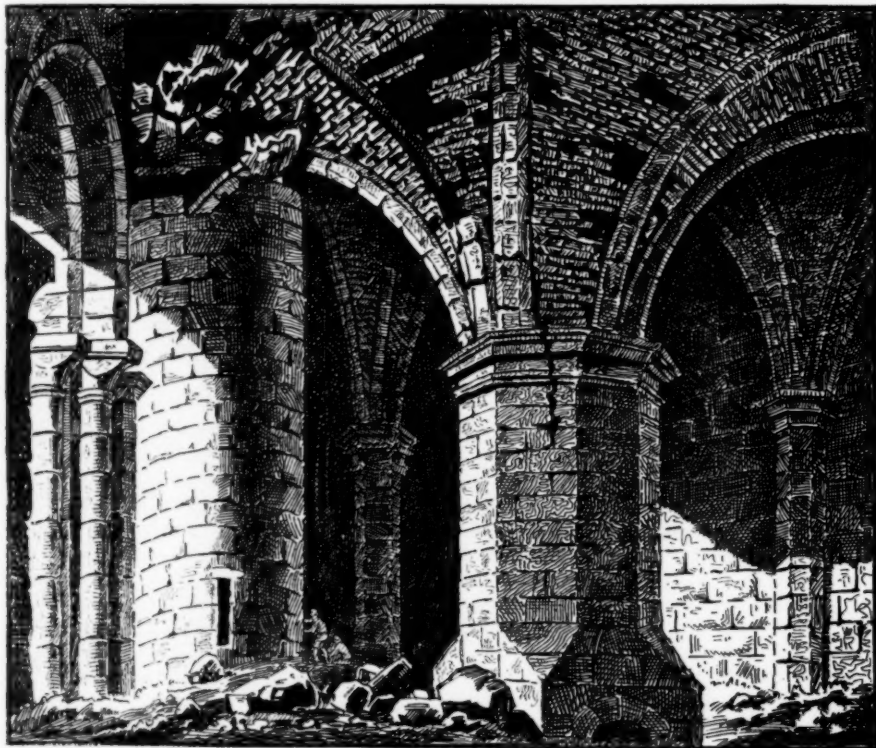
### The Keep of Richmond Castle.

**V**IEWS of Richmond have already been given in the *Monthly Chronicle* (see pp. 119, 151). The most prominent object in the town is the Norman keep, which rises above the other portions of the old castle in solitary grandeur. Though without external decoration, it is an interesting object on the score of its associations. It is one of the few great towers built by the chieftains of the Conqueror that now remain

entire. The walls of the keep are of extraordinary thickness, and, though scarred and stained by the weather, they have undergone no material change since they were erected. The total height is ninety-nine feet. A massive octagonal column, with circular-groined arches springing from it, supports the lower storey in the centre. A well of water, which has evidently been formed when the tower was constructed, is found at the foot of the pillar. Our drawing, which has been reproduced from an etching kindly lent to us by Mr. Hick, of the firm of Messrs. Austin, Johnson, and Hick, architects, Royal Arcade, Newcastle, gives a very fair impression of this portion of the interior of the keep as it appeared previous to being adapted as a guard-room for the North York Rifle Regiment.

### The Village of Mitford.

**I**N the olden times the town of Mitford, which was a place of greater importance than Morpeth, consisted of two parts, half a mile distant from each other. There was the "street called the Newgate," which abutted upon the castle lands in the vicinity of the old manor-house, the church, and the vicarage. Then there was the



INTERIOR OF THE KEEP RICHMOND CASTLE



"street leading to Newton Park," which was on the north side of the Wansbeck, seated across the angle formed by the junction of that river with the Font. The former has vanished, but the latter still remains, though much reduced in size, and at present consists of a quaint old inn and a few pretty cottages which are well represented in our sketch.

The picturesque bridge of one arch over the Font here is a very old one. It occupies the site of a bridge which was probably contemporaneous with the castle, as it is indirectly alluded to in 1377. In this year an inquest found that one Walter de Swinhoe held forty acres of land in the manor here by the service of guarding the *south bridge* of Mitford, which was then called the Fouse Bridge, on the eve and day of Ascension. "This Fouse Bridge," says Hodgson, "I suppose to have had its name from its standing across the Wansbeck, opposite to the outer gates of the castle, a little below the site of the present bridge, and where the river formed part of the *foss* of the castle. It was situated *south* of the bridge now called the Font Bridge."

The High-ford Bridge over the Wansbeck—a fine structure of two arches, which we cross in coming from Morpeth—only dates from 1829-30.

The history of the village cannot well be dissociated from that of the castle, which has been told in the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1887, p. 152. An account of the church also appears in the volume for 1890, p. 150-2.

Three short stories, however, about the people of Mitford in the bygone centuries, may fitly find a place here.

The first story is from a work by Reginald, a monk of Durham, who lived in the reign of Stephen, and wrote about the miracles of St. Cuthbert after the time of Bede. About the year 1006 a preaching-friar named Silvanus, and his servant Udard, the bearer of some relics of St. Cuthbert, were passing through Mitford when a young man came after them and told them that an old matron in the place, who had lost her sight for fully six months, believed she could recover the use of her eyes if they were bathed with the water in which a portion of the relics of St. Cuthbert had been immersed. The dish of a neighbouring well was immediately filled with water, and the monks laid in it a piece of cloth that had wrapped the body of St. Cuthbert for the space of 418 years. Strange to relate, though covered with the water, it remained quite dry. Udard, perceiving the miracle, and having been for ten years afflicted with dysentery, drank of the liquid, and found himself instantly healed. The old woman, too, on her eyes being bathed with it, recovered, as she had anticipated, her former vision. These three miracles, the author gravely asserts, he could most certainly prove to have happened all on the same day. On the supposed site of the well where the miracles are averred to have taken place Colonel Mitford has erected a stone drinking-fountain.

The second story is taken from the *Rolls of Parliament*



for 1293, and is as follows:—In the year 1284, Hugh de Eure, of Throphill, and Robert de Stutteville, of Mitford, were at variance about a tenement at Throphill. While the dispute was pending certain persons of De Eure's household—Stephen the Baker, Roger le Ken, and Robert Scot—having come to Mitford on the evening of Sunday, March 26, 1284, Roger of Heley, Reynold the Brewer, Richard le Graper, and Robert of Tindale, four ruffianly fellows retained by De Stutteville, fell upon them with swords and bows and arrows, whereupon they took refuge in the house of Agnes of Benerigg, in the street in Mitford which led to Mitford Park, barring the door behind them. Reynold the Brewer then set fire to the house, several of De Stutteville's retainers and servants the meanwhile preventing the people of the village from extinguishing the flames. As the inmates attempted to escape, they were attacked by De Stutteville's hirelings again, and in the fray which ensued, Stephen the Baker was killed by Roger of Heley. The rascals, not content with this outrage, proceeded to ill-treat the owner of the house, Agnes of Benerigg, beating her with swords and clubs. They also broke into a coffer and took from it four deeds of tenements belonging to the lady and her brother, two tallies for half a mark each, four silver necklaces, and two gold rings. In the trials which followed Robert de Stutteville and his wife, who were indicted for aiding and abetting the perpetrators of this murder and felony, contrived to get themselves acquitted.

The third story is from the proceedings of the Ecclesiastical Court at Durham. About 1570, the curate of Mitford had incurred the displeasure of some of his parishioners "concerninge the orderinge of certane stalles." One Sunday he was admonishing them to quietness when Gawen Lawson, one of the churchwardens, said openly, "Come downe and leave thy pratinge," causing, as we may readily imagine, a great disturbance in the church. Also, on Easter day this Gawen Lawson and George Walby, with several others, "at the redeinge of the firste lesson did skofe, laughe, & gest at such as did coughe then & ther, that the minister could not say fourth God's service, but was compelled to leave off for that time of praier, to the dishonouring of God & the defasinge of the Quenes lawes." The matter was brought before the Ecclesiastical Court. One of the persons examined, Edward Robinson, a weaver, of Mitford, accounted for the "sounding noise" in the church by the fact of its being "a very could yere, & many one ther evill trobled with a hoost (a short, tickling cough) which was so farvent that many other smiled & laught ther at."

A very unruly person in the parish of Mitford at this time was John Doffenby, of Pigdon. Being in the church at morning prayer, he commenced to brawl with one Roger Fenwick, threatening to break his head and calling him "theffe of kyne, and saying t—d in thy teithe, and that he wold lay his wyniarde on his pallet, with dyvers such like evill, ungodly, and unlawful words

to the unquietinge of the hole parishe and evill example of others." Fenwick retorted with "divers other blaphemous and slanderous words in the church." Doffenby was excommunicated, but he still persisted in coming to church. Being requested to leave, he became very violent, saying that he cared not for the "commissary" and his laws, nor for the curate, and bidding those who durst come and carry him out of the church for they would "first have to bind his hands and his feet." Another charge against this man was that he did "quarrell, chide, and brall" with Mark Ogle, of Ponteland, in the churchyard, striking at him with a lance-staff or javelin, the other meanwhile drawing his sword. Doffenby is a type of parishioner that was very common during the 16th century in Northumberland. It was among people like Doffenby and Lawson that Bernard Gilpin, "the Apostle of the North," at this period accomplished so much good.

Looking at Mitford now as it lies so peacefully by the murmuring Font, it is difficult to realise that it should ever have been the scene of dissension and discord. In the earlier days of its history, when King John and his Flemish mercenaries ravaged the lands of his disaffected barons, when the kings of Scotland led their great armies across the Borders and wild bands of moostroopers roamed over the country, Mitford lay too often in ruins, and the beautiful valley amid which it is seated was a picture of desolation. "But the times are changed, and we are changed with them"—yes, changed very much for the better we cannot but admit as we contrast the present with the past of a place like Mitford.

W. W. TOMLINSON.

### A Tyneside Showman.

**J**AMES CROSBIE HUNTER, who died at South Bank, Yorkshire, on December 23, 1890, was born at North Shields, on October 26, 1820. Consequently, at the time of his death, he would be in his seventieth year.

From some interesting memoranda supplied by Mr. De Ville, a member of the late showman's company, it appears that, as early as 1843, Mr. Hunter commenced his career as a wandering showman by entering into partnership with Mr. W. H. Wynne, a noted actor of his time, which partnership was not prosperous, and soon ended. I recollect about that time Wynne's booth coming to the Forth, Newcastle, and opening near the Infirmary on ground now occupied by the North-Eastern Railway Company. If Mr. Hunter was a partner then, his experience must have been disheartening. I raised the necessary twopence, and entered the booth. The piece was "The Bride of Lammermoor," but so scanty was the audience that Mr. Wynne had to announce that the company could not play, but would give tickets to admit the

following night; but if any one preferred his money back, he could get it. I recollect that, small as the audience was, some individuals had contrived to slip in without paying by making an opening in the canvas at the side. These persons now made a great noise, and shouted, "Ne tickets—we want wor money back." It was the same Mr. Wynne who, a few years later, theatrically changed William Knowles, a Newcastle lamplighter, into a German. Knowles, who had a passion for the stage, acted as super at nights at the Theatre Royal. Knowles's favourite piece was the "Dumb Man of Manchester." When he was engaged to appear in it at Wynne's booth, the proprietor announced him as "Herr Knowlsey, the renowned artiste from Berlin."

For some five years after the partnership, Mr. Hunter "knocked about" in the profession. In July, 1850, he joined Mr. Du Pien's travelling company at Glasgow, travelling on foot the best part of the distance between North Shields and Glasgow. Here he remained about five years, and, although his share or weekly salary for the first six weeks only ranged from 6s. 3d. to 16s., yet "love that laughs at locksmiths" appears not to have been frightened by the poor prospect. Towards the end of the year he married Miss Hurst, whom he met at Glasgow. Returning to North Shields in February, 1855, he contrived to raise his first booth, and opened at Newcastle, probably at the Easter hoppings. Billy Purvis had been dead a little over a year; his company was dispersed, leaving the field open for his young successor. With the usual theatrical ups-and-downs he pushed on until, in 1859, he arrived at Middlesbrough. Here he took the "flood that led to fortune," his portable theatre becoming a large permanent building. Mr. Hunter brought in turn the highest theatrical talent to Middlesbrough, and had amongst the regular members of his company Mr. Wilson Barrett, then a young man, who was "doing the provinces." For ten years he ruled at Middlesbrough. Then the tide of fortune turned. Middlesbrough had to be left; from the wreck he contrived to raise a small portable theatre, and with it began again his old travelling life.

In the course of years his affairs became more prosperous. In 1883 he had a large booth again, and was doing a good business at High Walker, where he intended staying until the Temperance Festival on the Town Moor, Newcastle, began. How misfortune again overtook him many will remember. The *Weekly Chronicle* of June 4, 1883, recorded the fact that his large portable theatre, and a smaller one also, were burned to the ground.

Mr. Hunter's upright character now stood him in good stead. His friends rallied round him. Mr. Wilson Barrett, and many prominent theatrical people that had been engaged by him at Middlesbrough during his prosperous days, helped him, and at the Temperance Festival, although sadly shorn, he contrived to "come to time." Despite the kind help thus rendered, the fire was a heavy

blow. He rallied but slowly; bad luck followed him, and at Bedlington his place was blown down. Then the great snowstorm of March, 1886, came when he was at Langley Moor, and closed him up so completely that it was November before he re-opened. So he struggled on, going into Yorkshire, where, as he said, he only contrived "to keep the wolf from the door," and had his booth lifted by a whirlwind. At Bedlington, in the summer of 1890, he had the only gleam of fortune which had brightened his path since 1884, so he wrote but a short time ago to a friend. And now his wanderings are over, the last act has been played, and he rests in South Easton Cemetery.

THESPIAN.

### Newcastle and Carlisle: The Canal and the Railroad.



WE read in the "Memoirs of Ambrose Barnes," the famous Newcastle Alderman (Surtees Society, vol. 50), that "he set some useful methods on foot for advancing the trade of lead and coles, but he never cared for meddling in chimerical projects. When it was proposed to make the river Tyne navigable to Hexham, sixteen miles above Newcastle, he dissuaded the projectors from their intention, showing that, besides the vast expense of making and upholding so many dams, locks, and sluices as such a work would require, the thing itself was impracticable, nor would it answer any useful end."

The date of the design is not given, but it must have been earlier than March 23, 1709-10; for on that day died Ambrose Barnes. There was afterwards a new Parliament, in which the enterprise was revived. On the 20th of February, 1710-11, a petition was presented to the House of Commons from the Justices of the Peace of Northumberland, and the Grand Jury, assembled at the quarter sessions in Morpeth on the 11th of January, setting forth that they conceived the making of the Tyne navigable from Newburn to Hexham would be of great advantage to the inhabitants of the county "in carrying their produce to Newcastle"; that John Errington, Esq., had proposed to undertake the navigation at his own charge, provided he might have the sole profits arising thereby; and praying that leave might be given to bring in a Bill for making the river navigable from Newburn, "the place to which it now flows," to Hexham. Leave was granted accordingly; and it was ordered that Mr. Wrightson, colleague of Sir William Blackett in the representation of Newcastle, and Sir Robert Eden, who, with Mr. William Lambton, "Old True Blue," represented the county of Durham, should prepare and bring in the Bill.

The Bill, prepared accordingly, was introduced by Mr. Wrightson on the 27th of February, conferring powers to

make the Tyne navigable from Newburn to Hexham, "or to any other places between." It was read a first time on the 28th, and order made for a second reading; of which, however, we find no mention in the Journals of the House of Commons.

All honour to Mr. Errington and the County Justices! Their project flourished not; it was before the time; but the object which they had in view in the first decade of the century was kept in view to the last, and had its accomplishment in a form which they had not foreseen. In the autumn of 1794, there was an agitation on foot for the construction of a navigable waterway from sea to sea. Public meetings were held in the East and the West; a subscription was opened for a survey; and there were sanguine hopes of "a practicable navigation between Newcastle and Carlisle, and from thence to Sandsfield."

Canals were among the great works of the time, and the North of England took part in the movement. Tyneside was keenly in earnest for the union of the seas. Controversy was eager. Some there were who preferred this side of the river, others advocated that; and there was also difference of opinion on the Tyne whence the canal should start. Mr. B. R. Dodd was active in the enterprise. With an admirable pen for a prospectus he portrayed its merits; and in one of his passages we have a picture of an excursion between Newcastle and Hexham:—"The canal will afford an opportunity for the establishment of market and passage boats between Hexham and Newcastle, which, in other concerns, have been attended with much profit and public convenience. The packets will be divided into different apartments, with corresponding prices. Tea, coffee, wines, &c., will be provided for the accommodation of the company, as usual at the Bridgewater, the Chester, the Ellesmere, the Forth and Clyde Canal; the price not more than half the fare by land, and totally free from the dust, heat, and fatigue incident thereto."

The effusion of words, however, all stopped short of action. Pen and speech were not followed by pick and spade. The year 1795 wore away without molestation of turf. Woodroof's "single-horse chaise" kept jogging quietly along, twice a week, at 4s. a passenger, between the White Hart in the Flesh Market and the town of Hexham, its equanimity undisturbed by the prospect of the rival barge; and there was "expeditious travelling" between Newcastle and Carlisle, by Mr. Sunderland's "new diligence," at 14s. a-head; the rapid vehicle, with its "three insides," leaving the Crown and Thistle in the Groat Market "at half-past 8 o'clock in the morning," and "arriving at the Bush Inn, Carlisle, at half-past 8 in the evening."

Ere the century expired, a sagacious citizen raised his voice in the agitation for a waterway, and asked its advocates whether it were not better to make a railroad. This suggestion came from Mr. William Thomas, of Denton Hall, an active member of the Literary and

Philosophical Society of Newcastle, who read a paper on the subject to his fellow-members in the month of February, 1800. He proposed an adaptation of the old waggonway of the collieries to general traffic, including the transport of travellers. But the age was not yet ripe for the far-seeing proposal of William Thomas. Men went on canvassing the merits of a cross-country canal—a navigable way, accompanying the remains of the Roman Wall—till at last the rail came seriously to be considered as a rival road.

A county meeting was called in Newcastle on August 29, 1817, "to consider the comparative expediency of accomplishing the projected communication by canal, railway, or other means." All were agreed as to the necessity of canal or rail. Mr. William Armstrong (father of Lord Armstrong), who was friendly to a canal, stated the remarkable fact that corn could be brought to the Tyne more cheaply from the Cape of Good Hope than from Carlisle to Newcastle; and, in the same year, Mr. Curwen said that every stone of grain that passed between the two towns cost fourpence for transport! "The prevalent opinion," says the *Tyne Mercury*, "was in favour of a canal." The *Newcastle Chronicle*, commenting on the proceedings, remarked that among the county gentlemen there was a considerable bias for a railway: amongst the merchants of the town, a canal had the preference.

In the month of July, 1824, when the Stockton and Darlington Railroad was approaching completion, a requisition was addressed to the High Sheriff, Mr. Edward Collingwood, for "a meeting of the nobility, gentlemen, clergy, and freeholders of the county of Northumberland, to consider of the expediency of taking means to effect a communication by railway between the town of Newcastle and the city of Carlisle, to be held at the Moothall on a convenient day during the assizes." The requisitionists were twenty-one in number, viz. —

Charles John Brandling, M.P., Charles Loraine, Thomas Clennell, Charles William Bigge, John Blenkinsopp Coulson, Thomas Wailes, Robert William Brandling, Henry Bell, William Wright, Dixon Brown, John Anderson, William Burrell, William Ord, M.P., George Duncombe Shafto, George Silvertop, John Davison, Charles John Clavering, John Wright, William Linskill, Thomas Burdon, Addison John Cresswell Baker.

The memorable meeting, thus influentially requested, was appointed for Saturday, the 21st of August. Colonel Coulson led the way for a railroad; Mr. Armstrong was for a ship canal; and Sir Matthew White Ridley proposed an inquiry by committee into the respective merits of the two modes of communication. The first resolution of the meeting was in favour of a more speedy and easy communication than the one in existence. The second was to inquire "whether it would be most advantageous to carry it into effect by a railway or a canal"; and a committee was appointed accordingly, and held a conference at the close of the meeting. The inquiry was thus fairly under way; canal and rail—water and fire—barge and horse—contended for supremacy; and on the 6th of November there



was an article in the *Mercury*, afterwards reprinted in a separate form, the editor taking for his topic the report of Mr. Chapman in October to the Canal and Railway Committee, "discovering a strong leaning in favour of a railway, and a disposition (as the writer thought) to magnify the impediments in the way of a canal."

Chapman's report, made in the autumn of 1824, was followed on the 4th of March, 1825, by one from Josias Jessop, who "gives the sum of his opinion in few words; which is, that a railway in such a situation is greatly to be preferred to a canal."

Within about three weeks of the date of this report, there was another county meeting at the Moot Hall. The chair was occupied by the High Sheriff, Mr. Anthony Gregson. This was on the 26th of March, 1825; and the Chairman of the Committee, Sir John Swinburne, presented the report. The committee had consulted, first, Mr. Chapman, and afterwards Mr. Jessop; and both the one and the other had come to a conclusion in favour of a railroad. "We think that it is not only practicable, but that the undertaking will be advantageous to those who may embark in it; and we consider it an object of great importance both to the landed and commercial interests of this part of the kingdom. Its execution will open a country rich in mineral produce, and tend materially to promote agriculture, manufactures, and commerce." On the motion of Mr. A. J. Cresswell Baker, seconded by Mr. Edward Collingwood, it was unanimously resolved:—"That this meeting, concurring in the view taken of the subject by the committee, considers the formation of a railroad between Newcastle and Carlisle an object of great importance, both to the landed and commercial interests in this part of the kingdom, and worthy of the countenance and encouragement of the county."

The decision of March 26, 1825, brought the long controversy of canal or rail to a close. No time was now lost in taking action. The county meeting was followed on the instant by "a meeting of the gentlemen disposed to embark in the undertaking of a railroad" (Mr. Cresswell Baker in the chair). A company was constituted on the spot; a prospectus issued. "The whole line of way" was described as "peculiarly favourable for taking the utmost advantage of steam power, abounding as it does with coal, which may be obtained at a cheap rate." Union had now taken the place of division. "Since the parties of weight and influence in the case," frankly remarked the *Tyne Mercury*, "have decided for a railroad, let us have a railroad by all means." This was the general feeling, and the course of the enterprise was clear. The subscription went satisfactorily forward; and on the 9th of April there was a meeting of the shareholders, with Mr. Charles William Bigge in the chair, at which twelve directors were appointed, viz.:—John George Lambton, M.P., John Brandling, Matthew Bell, Thomas Fenwick, Isaac Cookson, Jun., Martin Morrison, James Losh, John Blenkinsopp Coulson, Nathaniel Clayton,

Benjamin Thompson, Matthew Atkinson, and Thomas Crawhall.

It was resolved, moreover, that a further meeting should be held for the purpose of increasing the number to twenty-four; and twelve other directors were in accordance with this determination subsequently added (May 21), viz.:—The Mayor of Newcastle for the time being; with also George Anderson, James Graham Clarke, William Cuthbert, Matthew Plummer, Alfred Hall, William Woods, Joseph Lamb, Robert Walters, William Losh, Christopher Cookson, and John Anderson.

Such was the Board of Directors chosen within less than a couple of months of the county meeting that had decided the long question of a communication between Newcastle and Carlisle. A detailed prospectus of the intended line was now printed; and from a newspaper paragraph of the period we extract a sentence or two that will be curious to the reader of the present day:—"It is to commence at the High Crane on Newcastle Quay; pass behind the abutment and under the roadway of Newcastle Bridge; and thence upon gears to the further side of the Javel Group, where it will enter upon a new quay to be erected in a direct line to the wharf of Messrs. Parker and Co., at Low Elswick." "There will be no inclined planes or stationary engines; and the whole labour upon the line will be performed by horses, the directors having resolved to introduce a clause into the Bill to prohibit the use of locomotive engines, in consideration of the prejudice of landowners against these machines."

The first application for an Act was unsuccessful, and another was forthwith made. "A Statement in Support of the Bill" was printed for Parliament in the month of February, 1829, in which there was no mention of passenger traffic, if we except the remark that "troops and military stores" would be "transported across the island in a few hours, instead of by a fatiguing march of four days." Horses were to be used as the motive power. "The plan of making use of locomotive steam engines, found to be obnoxious to many of the landowners, has (it is hoped without any sacrifice of the interests of the public) been abandoned." Such was the decision the directors had felt it expedient to adopt in the year of the historic Rocket; and the Act of 1829 contains also the following clause:—"No locomotive or moveable steam-engine shall be used on the said railways or tramroads for drawing waggons or other carriages, or for any other purpose whatsoever; and no steam-engine shall be erected or used for any of the purposes aforesaid, within view of the Castle of Naworth, or Corby Castle, or of the several mansion-houses of Charles Bacon, Esq., at Styford, John Hodgson, Esq., at Elswick, James Kirsopp, Esq., at the Spital, Robert Pearson, Esq., at Unthank, Nicholas Leadbitter, Esq., at Warden, or any of them; nor within the distance of one thousand yards to the east of Stella Hall; nor nearer, on the west,

than the point where the line of the said railways or tramroads will be intersected by a certain common highway called the Water Lane."

The preamble of the Act sets forth that the railway "will be of great advantage to the agricultural and commercial interests of the district, by facilitating the conveyance of lead, coal, lime, slates, and other products of the land, and articles of merchandise," with also "manufactured goods and foreign merchandise." "Generally it will be of great public utility." The company contemplated no passenger traffic of their own; but they took powers to levy tolls on the conveyance of passengers in vehicles belonging to others. It was to be lawful for the company "to ask, demand, take, recover, and receive, or cause to be asked, demanded, taken, recovered, and received, to and for the use and benefit of the company, for and in respect of coaches, chariots, chaises, cars, gigs, landaus, waggons, carts, or other carriages, which should be used upon the said railways or tramroads for the conveyance of passengers or cattle, the several tolls hereinafter mentioned." Passengers to pay sixpence for a distance not exceeding five miles; a shilling for five and not more than ten; and so on, with no distinction of first, second, or third class; for at this time passenger trains were nowhere known. Travellers were riding in old stage coaches on the Stockton and Darlington line, and the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was not open.

The construction of the line went simultaneously forward in a succession of sections; and on the 9th of March, 1835, as may be read in Latimer's "Local Records," came the first opening for traffic, extending over a distance of seventeen miles. Two trains, drawn by the Rapid and the Comet, started from Blaydon for Hexham, with banners and bands, triumphal arches, loud cheers and louder cannon. Swiftly flew the iron horse; and spectators with good memories quoted the words of Erasmus Darwin:—

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar  
Drag the slow barge or drive the rapid car.

The "rapid car" brought back the passengers to Blaydon in an hour and a quarter—a feat into which the "slow barge" could hardly have been whipped even by "unconquered steam." Everybody was duly delighted and surprised with the success of the day. Among the "Views" engraved from Carmichael's drawings, and published in 1835, we get a glimpse of one of the trains, careering alongside "The River Wall at Wylam Scars," with passengers inside and out; the roofs of two of the carriages being closely crowded, omnibus fashion.

Next day (March 10) regular traffic began. Passengers were conveyed from Newcastle to Blaydon by 'bus, and merchandise was forwarded by steamboat. Landaus and the like had neither part nor lot in the matter, and the landowners allowed the clause of 1829 as to locomotives to pass into practical repeal. How, indeed, was it possible that trains should be suffered to run without steam

within sight of the cottage by the riverside in which George Stephenson was born? One dissentient, however, there was; and the traffic was brought to a stand, on the 28th of March, by an injunction from the Court of Chancery. Steam was stopped—the engine arrested. Great was the excitement. There was a public meeting in Newcastle on the 6th of April, at the instance of upwards of two thousand requisitionists; one of the speakers hazarding a prediction, which Time has more than fulfilled, that a passenger might, perchance, go up from the Tyne to the Thames on one day, and return the next. The resistance to the locomotive engine was withdrawn, and the running resumed. So triumphant was the experiment that the receipts of August were bountiful beyond expectation, the number of passengers during the month exceeding fourteen thousand, and the mileage mounting up to 150,000.

Here, having reached as far as 1835, we may introduce a circular note of that year, preserved for us by a patient collector. It manifests the anxiety of the directors, at that early period, to have a terminus where now the Central Railway Station has its site.

Newcastle, July 16, 1835.

Sir,—The Committee appointed to treat with the Directors of the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway Company for the interest of the Corporation in any of the property which may be necessary in bringing the termination of such railway into the Spital, will meet the Directors to-morrow (Friday), in the Spital, at 12 o'clock at noon.

THOMAS FORSYTH, Town Marshal.

When another year had gone round, arches, bands, and banners were again in demand. The running of trains was on the 28th of June, 1836, extended westward from Hexham to Haydon Bridge; and on the 19th of next month, trains were in motion, to and fro, between Carlisle and Greenhead, a distance of over twenty miles. Carlisle had also a shorter opening, on the 9th of March, 1837, to the Canal Basin; and on the 1st of the same month the line had been brought into public use from Redheugh (Gateshead) to Blaydon; after which, "travelers from Newcastle were conveyed to Redheugh by a steamer, which (says Latimer) plied from the station to the company's offices in the Close."

The Great Opening came in the year of the first meeting of the British Association in Newcastle. The appointed day was the 18th of June, 1838, the twenty-third anniversary of the battle of Waterloo; for it was the fashion, fifty years ago, to celebrate victories of peace in association with this achievement of war.

In 1839, the company were enabled, by their bridge at Scotswood, to pass the river. On the 21st of May, the portion of the line from Blaydon to the depot near the Elswick Shot Tower was thrown open for mineral and merchandise traffic, and for passenger traffic on the 21st of October; and about seven years later, on the 6th of November, 1846, there was a further extension, from the temporary station on Scotswood Road to the Forth.

Let us pause for a moment to recapitulate the several openings of our first Tyneside passenger railway.

1835. March 9, Blaydon to Hexham.  
 1836. June 28, Hexham to Haydon Bridge.  
       July 19, Carlisle to Greenhead.  
 1837. March 1, Redheugh to Blaydon.  
       March 9, Carlisle to Canal Basin.  
 1838. June 18, Redheugh to Carlisle.  
 1839. May 31, Newcastle to Blaydon for minerals, &c.  
       October 21, Newcastle to Blaydon for passengers.  
 1846. November 6, Scotswood Road to the Forth.

The card of the "Newcastle and Carlisle Railway Coaches," printed for the Blaydon and Hexham traffic, begun in 1835, shows that trains left the two towns at 8, 11, 2, and 5 o'clock, forenoon and afternoon, "every day, Sunday excepted," and that on Sundays there were trains both ways, at 8 in the morning and 5 in the afternoon.

Another card states the "Railway Coach Fares," and closes with a *Nota Bene* disallowing gratuities. There were two rates of charge, viz., "First Class," and "Second Class or Outside." Here are the fares "Going West."

| From Blaydon to                          | s. | d. | s. | d. |
|--|----|----|----|----|
| Ryton .....                              | 0  | 6  | 0  | 6  |
| From Blaydon or Ryton to                 |    |    |    |    |
| Wylam .....                              | 0  | 9  | 0  | 6  |
| Prudhoe, Ovingham, Stocksfield, Bywell 1 | 0  | 0  | 0  | 9  |
| Broomhaugh, Riding Mill, or Corbridge 1  | 6  | 1  | 0  | 0  |
| Hexham .....                             | 2  | 0  | 1  | 6  |
| From Wylam to                            |    |    |    |    |
| Prudhoe or Ovingham .....                | 0  | 6  | 0  | 6  |
| Stocksfield or Bywell .....              | 0  | 9  | 0  | 6  |
| Broomhaugh or Riding Mill .....          | 0  | 9  | 0  | 6  |
| Corbridge .....                          | 1  | 0  | 0  | 9  |
| Hexham .....                             | 1  | 6  | 1  | 0  |
| From Prudhoe or Ovingham to              |    |    |    |    |
| Stocksfield or Bywell .....              | 0  | 6  | 0  | 6  |
| Broomhaugh or Riding Mill .....          | 0  | 9  | 0  | 6  |
| Corbridge .....                          | 1  | 0  | 0  | 9  |
| Hexham .....                             | 1  | 6  | 1  | 0  |
| From Stocksfield or Bywell to            |    |    |    |    |
| Broomhaugh or Riding Mill .....          | 0  | 6  | 0  | 6  |
| Corbridge .....                          | 0  | 9  | 0  | 6  |
| Hexham .....                             | 1  | 0  | 0  | 9  |
| From Broomhaugh or Riding Mill to        |    |    |    |    |
| Corbridge .....                          | 0  | 6  | 0  | 6  |
| Hexham .....                             | 1  | 0  | 0  | 9  |
| From Corbridge to                        |    |    |    |    |
| Hexham .....                             | 0  | 6  | 0  | 6  |

JAMES CLEPHAN (THE LATE).

## Lilburn Tower.



ABOUT three miles to the south of Wooler the turnpike road is crossed by a small stream, the Lilburn (i.e., Little Burn), which runs eastward through a pretty dene to join the Till. From the streamlet the townships of East and West Lilburn have derived their name. Lilburn Tower, the subject of our sketch, is seated amid beautiful grounds, on the north bank of the stream. It was designed by John Dobson, and is in the Tudor style of architecture—a style which the architect greatly admired. "He thought," writes Miss Dobson in her memoir of her father, "that much might be said of the advantages of Tudor architecture in the construction of buildings for

domestic purposes in producing varied and picturesque outlines when the forms appear to arise out of necessity, and he did not see that there could be any objection to adapting the decorative style of detail to a Tudor outline, provided it harmonised with the building." The foundation stone of the mansion was laid on January 3rd, 1829, by H. J. W. Collingwood, Esq.

The Lilburn estate was originally held under the barony of Wark by the Ros family. In consequence of the rebellion of Robert de Ros, in 1296, it was forfeited, and afterwards came into the possession of the Lilburns, who held it from the 14th to the beginning of the 18th century, when it became the property of the Clennells of Clennell. On the death of Thomas Clennell, it devolved to his nephew, Henry Collingwood, who was High Sheriff of Northumberland in 1793, from whom it descended to its present proprietor, Mr. Edward John Collingwood.

Very different is this stately mansion from the old Border towers in which the former owners of Lilburn resided. In the beginning of the 16th century, there were two of these towers standing at West Lilburn, the most ancient of which—mentioned in 1415 as being then in the occupation of John Carr—is thought by Mr. C. J. Bates to have been built by Sir John de Lilburn, a famous knight who was at the battle of Otterburn, and who died about the year 1400. In 1438, a feud had arisen between the Lilburns and Revelys and the Carrs, which not only led to proceedings at law, but also to acts of a more violent character. Thomas Revely having broken down the close of John Carr at West Lilburn, the Carrs retaliated in 1442 and 1449 by breaking down his close at Middleton Hall. Then, in the latter year, Revely caused—it is said "by carelessness"—the house of Thomas Carr of West Lilburn to be totally destroyed by fire. In 1509, the two towers of West Lilburn belonged to Jeffrey Prokter, but their "rowler" was one Lyell Graye. In 1541, Sir Robert Bowes and Sir Ralph Ellerker report that the two towers in the town of West Lilburn were still both farmed and occupied by Lionel Gray, porter of Berwick (younger brother of Sir Roger Gray, of Horton Castle). The western tower, belonging to Cuthbert Proctor, had been allowed to fall into such a state of ruin for lack of necessary repairs that nothing but the walls were standing; the eastern one, the property of Cuthbert Ogle, rector of Ford, had recently been burnt by sudden fire. It was recommended that both towers should be again repaired, as they stood in a place commodious for the defence of the country in time of peace, and in time of war could receive and lodge a hundred soldiers in garrison. One of these towers stands in ruins on a hill a little to the south-west of the mansion. It measures inside about 30 feet by 18 feet. This was probably the later tower; for, says Mr. Bates, "judging from the external ashlar work, the ruins are those of a tower built at the end of the fifteenth century."

At the foot of the hill occupied by the tower is an

ancient chapel, which is in ruins. It somewhat resembles in general plan the beautiful chapel at Old Bewick. The burial ground surrounding it, which is very old, is still used for interments. A few old headstones are standing, one bearing the date 1684, and another 1693. Some prehistoric graves were opened on the Lilburn Tower estate in 1883 and 1886, when several urns and other antiquities were found. W. W. T.

### "Lang Jack," a Tyneside Samson.

**J**OHEN ENGLISH, the proper name of a noted character on Tyneside called "Lang Jack," came to Whickham when Scotswood Suspension Bridge was being built (in the year 1830), and worked as a mason on that structure. Prior to this time, he lived at Chester-le-Street, but whether he was a native of that place I am not prepared to say. While he lived at Chester-le-Street, he worked at the Newcastle Gaol and St. Thomas's Church, Barras Bridge, travelling between the two places every day.

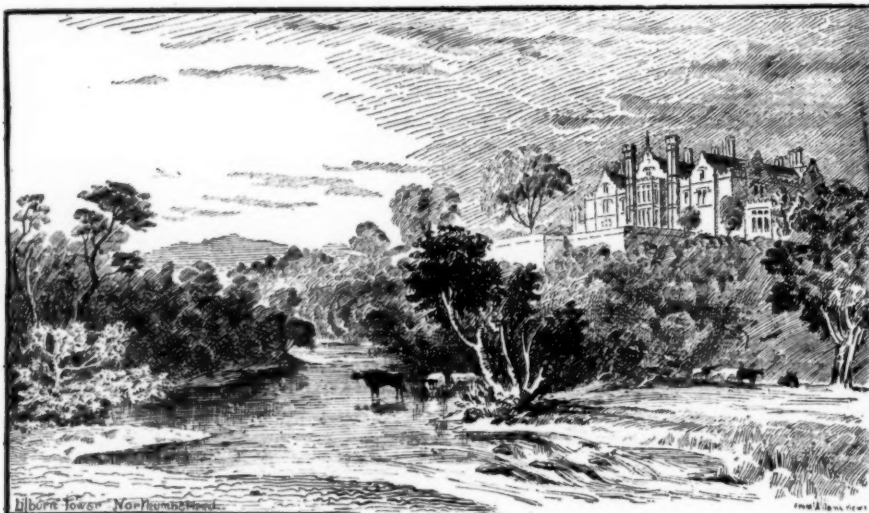
When he came to Whickham, he resided at the Wood House, and, being then in the prime of life, he was physically a splendid specimen of a man. His height was 6 feet 4½ inches in his stockings, this being the reason why he was called "Lang Jack." After living at the Wood House a few years, he erected a house for himself on the road to Shotley Bridge, which is still called "Lang Jack's." The stones used in the building of the house he drew on a bogey from a quarry at the Wood House, the road being rough and uneven, and about three-quarters of

a mile distant. The bogey itself was sufficient for an ordinary man to draw, and yet this work was all done after serving his employer until six o'clock at night. The chimney tops were made at Blaydon Banks Quarry while Jack was working there. They weighed about twelve stones each, and were carried by him from the quarry to the house, a distance of four miles.

While working at the quarry, he accomplished an extraordinary feat of strength. He had a favourite dog named Bob, and one of the cartmen, leading stones from the quarry, unfortunately ran over Bob and killed him. Jack was so exasperated at the death of his dog that, taking hold of one of the wheels, he capsized the cart, the stones, and the horse over a bank.

After his house was finished, whenever he required a load of coals he placed a "coop" on his bogey and brought them from Crookgate, a distance of two miles. This feat of strength can only be understood by those who have walked up the bank from "Lang Jack's" to Fellside, this bank being one of the steepest in the district.

Jack was often on the "spree." Sometimes, when drinking with a number of companions, he would say to them, "Now, my lads, clear out! There's going to be war in the camp"—meaning that he was going to display some feat of strength with chairs and tables. I scarcely need say there was soon a general stampede, the men leaving their "drinks" behind them. It was Jack's habit at dances to startle his companions by jumping and pushing his head through the ceiling. One particular dance was held in a barn, and Jack gave one of his accustomed jumps; but, having no ceiling to break, the flooring gave way when he came down upon it, and he



Lilburn Tower, Northumberland.



and his friends found themselves among the cattle in the byre below!

Jack died, I think, about the year 1860, at the age of sixty years. The house which he built is situated at the bottom of Fellside Bank, near the principal entrance to the Gibside estate. It stands in an open space about two hundred yards from the main road, and is surrounded by the woods of Gibside. In a small garden opposite to the house stands a monument about eighteen feet high with a bust of Jack, which is certainly an excellent likeness. It was designed and finished by John Norvell, of Swalwell, during the lifetime of the original, and upon it is inscribed "J. English, 1854."

WM. BOURN.

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Lang Jack may be fairly described as a giant. His regular walking step measured 3 feet 3 inches. Jack used to take an interest in political matters, and sometimes walked at the head of processions when attending reform meetings about 1832. His skill as a workman, and his kindly disposition, brought him under the notice of the Claverings, of Axwell, who granted him a piece of land near Gibside, on which Jack soon built himself a cottage and laid out a garden. The bust of Jack, erected opposite his cottage, is known as Lang Jack's Monument.

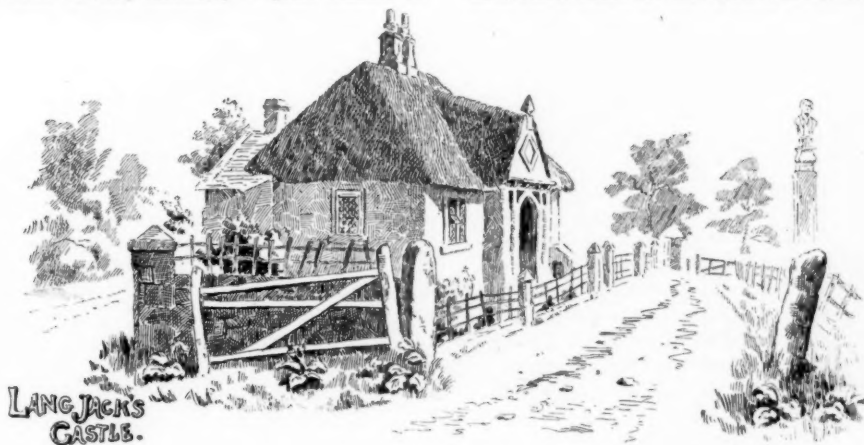
R. N. C.

## A Riot on the Town Moor.

**F**ROISSART declared, about five hundred years ago, that the English took their pleasures sadly. If he could have witnessed the Great Northern Carnival of Race Week on the Town Moor, Newcastle-on-Tyne, say a quarter of a century ago, he would probably have altered his opinion. He would have noticed, doubtless, a great amount of

excitement, intense interest in the races, a great deal of noise and shouting, and perhaps some little drunkenness and coarse language. Race Week was the one great holiday in the year for thousands of "poor, patient, hard-working men," as Dickens calls them, and, as a rule, it was seldom marred by any blackguardism or disorderly conduct. There are exceptions to all rules, however, and the riot on the Town Moor in the Race Week of 1866 was a very remarkable and unpleasant exception.

On Wednesday, June 27, 1866 (the Fenian agitation was just then at its height), the last race for the day had just been run, and most of the sight-seers were preparing to leave for home, when a number of Irishmen (about 300 strong) made a terrific onslaught on nearly every person that crossed their path. Some hours before this, they had attracted attention by roving about the Town Moor, flourishing shillalaghs, and yelling "Garibaldi, or the Pope!" The disturbers mainly hailed from Jarrow, Walker, and neighbouring places; and most of them were dressed in light-coloured coats or jackets. At first the eccentric proceedings of this shouting and roaring crowd caused only amusement or derision; but late in the afternoon matters took a different turn. The row began by some men shouting to a group of Irishmen who were playing at "Aunt Sally," "Here are the Fenians!" A terrible scrimmage commenced at once, the Irishmen seizing their sticks and attacking every Englishman they met with. Very soon, about a dozen persons were so badly injured that they had to be removed to the Infirmary, and a number of policemen who had interfered also suffered severely. News of the riot, sent at once to the various police stations, brought the Chief-Constable (Mr. Sabbage) with about forty officers upon the spot. As soon as the rioters saw this large force, they "made tracks," flying in all directions, some hiding under carts, others behind the shows, tents, and other places of



concealment. The police succeeded in arresting seven of the ringleaders at once, and two others were taken shortly after. The prisoners were taken to the Manors Police Station, together with a pitman who had received shocking injuries. Arrests continued to be made, and the wounded to be brought in, until far on in the evening, and Dr. Rayne (then the police surgeon), with his assistants, was kept very busy attending to the injured. Several of these presented pitiable sights, one man having nine wounds on his head, another seven cuts about his head and face, others again being covered with blood. Altogether, eighteen Irishmen were taken into custody before the night was over.

Next morning, the eighteen men who had been arrested were brought before the magistrates, and the following week eleven of them were committed for trial at the Summer Assizes. The case was tried by the late Mr. Baron Martin, and all the prisoners, save one, being found guilty, were sentenced to imprisonment for twelve months with hard labour. So ended the Fenian Riot on the Town Moor.

W. W. W.

## Men of Mark Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

### The Sir George Greys of Falldon.

TWO ILLUSTRIOUS NORTHUMBRIANS.

The Greys of Howick and Falldon are the descendants of a union between two ancient North-Country families—the Greys of Heton and Chillingham, and the Greys of Horton. Sir Ralph Grey of Chillingham, grandson of the Sir Ralph who was beheaded at Doncaster, married Isabel, co-heir of Sir Thomas Grey of Horton, and their third son, Sir Edward Grey (constable of Morpeth Castle in 1584 and 1589, and high sheriff of Northumberland in 1597-98), acquiring Howick, founded the family that, ever since his time, have taken their territorial designation from that place. One of Sir Edward's descendants, Sir Henry Grey of Howick, married Hannah, daughter of Thomas Wood of Falldon, and this lady brought the Falldon estate to the Greys as her jointure or dowry. Of that union came four sons, one of whom, Sir Charles Grey, a general in the army, was raised to the peerage by the title of Earl Grey. The earl married Elizabeth, heiress of George Grey of Southwick, granddaughter of George Grey, the diarist, and left, among other issue, Charles, second Earl Grey, the Prime Minister who carried the Reform Bill, and George Grey of Falldon, with whose life, and that of his son, it now remains to deal.

SIR GEORGE GREY.—I.

George Grey, younger brother of the second earl,

was born at Falldon on the 10th of October, 1767. He entered the navy as soon as he left school, and at the early age of fifteen, being a lieutenant in the *Resolution*, took part in Rodney's famous engagement against the fleet of Spain. In 1793 he obtained post rank in the *Boyne*, 98 guns, bearing the flag of Sir John Jervis. He served under Sir John throughout the campaign in the West Indies—his brother Charles, afterwards the first Earl Grey, being in chief command of the land forces—and at the siege of Guadaloupe he headed a detachment of 500 seamen and marines which were landed to co-operate with his brother's forces ashore. Subsequently he had command of the *Victory*, and he remained under Jervis's orders until the great exploit off Cape Vincent, on the 14th February, 1797, raised that gallant admiral to the peerage. Three years later, when Sir John Jervis, as Earl St. Vincent, took charge of the Channel Fleet, Mr. Grey joined him as captain of the *Ville de Paris*. In 1801 he was appointed to one of the yachts in attendance upon the royal family at Weymouth, and continued in that service till 1804, when he succeeded Sir Isaac Coffin as Commissioner of Sheerness Dockyard; from thence he was appointed to a similar position at Portsmouth. When the allied sovereigns visited the fleet at Spithead, in 1814, George IV. presented him with a patent of baronetcy; six years later he was made a K.C.B. He remained at Portsmouth as resident commissioner of the dockyard till his death, which occurred on the 8th of October, 1828. Besides his captaincy and commissionership he held, at his decease, the offices of Marshal of the Vice-Admiralty Court at Barbadoes, Vice-President of the Naval and Military Bible Society, and alderman of the borough of Portsmouth. Sir George married in June, 1795, Mary, daughter of Samuel Whitbread by Lady Mary Cornwallis, and sister to Samuel Whitbread, M.P. for Bedford, who had espoused Lady Elizabeth Grey, Sir George's sister. By this lady he had two sons, the eldest of whom, Sir George Grey of our own time, succeeded him.

SIR GEORGE GREY.—II.

Born at Gibraltar on the 11th May, 1799, the second Sir George Grey received his education at Oriel College, Oxford, where he matriculated, June 25, 1817, gained a first-class in classics, and took his arts degrees—that of B.A. in 1821, and that of M.A. in 1824. From Oriel his course was steered to Lincoln's Inn, and in 1826 he was called to the Bar. At that time to be a Grey was to be a politician, and Sir George, succeeding his father in the title and estates within two years after his call, found more attraction in the pursuit of politics than in the profession of the law. At the general election which

followed the Reform Act (December, 1832) he was returned to Parliament by the borough of Devonport, a new constituency that had been created outside the ancient borough of Plymouth.

Shortly after Sir George Grey had taken his seat he made his mark in the House in a maiden speech on a Coercion Bill for Ireland. The following year (1834) he received his first Ministerial appointment—that of Under-Secretary for the Colonies. Scarcely had he settled down to the duties of his office when his uncle, the Prime Minister, resigned. Lord Melbourne, who succeeded to the Premiership, carried on the Government till December, and then the Whigs gave place to the Tories. Sir Robert Peel



became Prime Minister, but was unable to hold the reins of office more than three or four months and upon the return of Lord Melbourne, in April, 1835, Sir George resumed his post at the Colonial Office. There he remained, taking an active part in the heated discussions respecting Canadian affairs and their administration by Lord Durham, till 1839, when he accepted the quiet and practically sinecure office of Judge Advocate General, and in June, 1841, the irresponsible post of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. In September of that year the Whigs were defeated upon the question of the sugar duties, and Sir George retired, with his colleagues, to make way for Sir Robert Peel and the Tories. The latter obtained a much longer lease of office this time. They retained the confidence of Parliament and the country till June, 1846, when Sir Robert, who had

passed his Free Trade measures, was defeated upon another phase of the everlasting Irish question, and the Whigs, with Lord John Russell as Premier, came back to power. Lord John appointed Sir George Grey to the high office of Home Secretary, and he was occupying that responsible position when, in the summer of 1847, Parliament was dissolved, and an appeal was made to the country.

Anticipating a dissolution, the Whig leaders in the Northern Division of Northumberland, who had suffered a heavy reverse in 1841 by the rejection of Earl Grey's heir, Lord Howick, invited Sir George to assist them in retrieving their loss. Although reluctant to abandon Devonport, where he had been on six separate occasions during fifteen years returned in triumph—four times at general elections, and twice on accepting office—he acceded to their request. His opponents were Lord Ossulston, now Earl of Tankerville, one of the retiring members, and Lord Lovaine (the present Duke of Northumberland), who was brought forward to retain the seat which Mr. Addison John Baker Cresswell had wrested from the Whigs at the previous election. The Tories had some advantage in personal canvassing, for Sir George was detained in London by his ministerial duties as Home Secretary till the 26th July, and the nomination was to take place on the 7th of August. But his friends worked hard on his behalf, and when he himself arrived the constituency was literally "devoured by his activity." His was not the cold, aristocratic temperament of the Grey family. On the contrary, he was full of fire and enthusiasm. From the Town Hall steps at Alnwick, a rustic platform at Belford, and the Market Place of Morpeth, he delivered stirring speeches, which not only quickened the pulses of Whigs that were staunch and true, but won over the half-hearted and the wavering.

Although not so exciting a contest as that of 1826, the election was conducted with the greatest possible enthusiasm and the most strenuous efforts on both sides. Out of 3,030 registered electors, 2,490 went to the poll, of whom 1,084 plumped straight for "Grey and Independence." Sir George headed the poll throughout, and when, after two days' polling, the figures were added up, it was found that he had secured 1,366, Lord Ossulston 1,247, and Lord Lovaine 1,236 votes.

The year 1848 was a year of revolution and of trial, and it was during this stormy period that Home Secretary Sir George Grey attained the height of his fame as a statesman. By his firmness and vigour he secured the preservation of peace and order while barricades were rising in the streets of Paris, Vienna, and Berlin, physical force chartists were training and drilling all over Great Britain, and Ireland was in a state of insurrection. It fell to his lot to introduce

bills considered necessary for public security—the Felony Bill, Alien Bill, and the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. In piloting these measures through Parliament, he won the respect of all parties, and gave offence to none; not even, it is said, to those against whose proceedings the Acts were directed. In the following year, 1849, the Queen conferred upon him the honorary distinction of G.C.B. When he went out of office, on the defeat of the Ministry in the early part of 1852, he was regarded as the most successful administrator in the ranks of the Liberal party.

At the general election which followed, Sir George was unfortunate. In conjunction with Lord Ossulston, Lord Lovaine again came forward for North Northumberland, and the electors, reversing the verdict they had given in 1847, placed him at the top of the poll. Although 1,030 voters plumped for Grey—only 54 short of the previous number—the Liberals were defeated. Lord Lovaine obtained 1,414, Lord Ossulston 1,335, and Sir George, only 1,300 votes. For the remainder of the year he remained out of Parliament, but in January, 1853, room was made for him at Morpeth. The Hon. E. G. G. Howard accepted the stewardship of the Manor of Northstead and Sir George took his place. Meanwhile, the Coalition Ministry of the Earl of Aberdeen had come into power, and all the offices of state had been filled by Whigs and Peelites. Sir George entered the House as an unattached member, and remained without a portfolio till February, 1854, when he accepted the seals of the Colonial Office. In the heated discussions upon the Crimean War he took no active part, but upon Mr. Roebuck introducing a motion for an inquiry into the condition of the army before Sebastopol, he warmly opposed the proposal. Mr. Roebuck carried everything before him; his motion was adopted by a large majority; the Coalition Ministry was destroyed; Lord Palmerston became Prime Minister; and under his leadership, in 1855, Sir George returned to the Home Office. There he remained till 1858, when Lord Palmerston, being defeated on the Conspiracy Bill, made way for Lord Derby and the Conservatives. They, in turn, were defeated the following year upon their Reform Bill, and after an appeal to the country, resigned office. In June, 1859, Lord Palmerston returned to the Premiership and Sir George, accepting the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, resumed his place in the Ministry. He held the Chancellorship till, in 1861, Sir G. C. Lewis's transference to the War Department recalled him once more to hold his old office of Home Secretary. This was the position for which he was best qualified, and he held it, with increasing reputation, till the defeat of the Russell Government in 1866. Two years later, when the Liberals returned to power

under Mr. Gladstone, he did not accept office. From that date to the general election of 1874, Sir George spoke and acted as an Independent Liberal, and then, gracefully yielding to the wishes of an extended constituency for a working man representative, he made way for Mr. Thomas Burt, closed his connection with the borough that had returned him to Parliament for twenty-two years, and withdrew from public life.

By his marriage (August 14, 1827) with Anna Sophia, daughter of Dr. Ryder, Bishop of Lichfield, Sir George Grey had a son and heir—George Henry Grey, equerry to the Prince of Wales, and Lieutenant-colonel of the Northumberland Militia. Lieutenant-Colonel Grey died within a few months of his father's retirement from the representation of Morpeth, leaving a young family. Thenceforth Sir George devoted himself to the upbringing of his grandchildren, and the supervision of his estate. Sir George passed away on the 9th of September, 1882, at the venerable age of 83, and was succeeded in the title and estates by his grandson, Sir Edward Grey, now M.P. for the Berwick Division of Northumberland.

### Henry Grey, D.D.

AN EVANGELICAL DIVINE.

The Rev. Henry Grey, an eminent preacher in the Church of Scotland, and of exceeding popularity on this side the Border, was born at Alnwick on the 11th of February, 1778. His father was an apothecary in that town, who, after a family quarrel which occurred soon after the boy was born, left home, and never returned to it. Though he went no further away than Morpeth, where he carried on his business, it does not appear that this obstinate scion of the Border family of Grey took any further interest in his offspring. The deserted mother, returning to her relatives, devoted herself to the up-bringing of the boy so sadly deprived of a father's care. She sent him to school in Newcastle, and when he was old enough obtained his admission to the University of Edinburgh. He was a youth of great promise—studious, bookish, and religious. Soon after he had become a student, he attached himself to West, or St. Cuthbert's Church, where the Rev. Sir Harry Moncrieff, leader of the Evangelical section of the Church of Scotland, officiated. Under the influence of that celebrated preacher he formed the design of entering the ministry, and, being encouraged thereto by his mother and his friends, he closed his literary studies, and passed into the theological classes. In due course he obtained a license to preach, and in 1801 he was presented to his first charge, the living of Stenton, in East Lothian.

Although deserted by his father, Mr. Grey was



not forsaken by his father's relatives. While at college he had been a frequent guest at the house of his uncle, George Grey of Milfield, and upon terms of affectionate friendship with his cousins there—the eldest of whom in after years was known throughout the Northern Counties, and to half the world besides, as John Grey of Dilston. To Milfield the Rev. Henry Grey went for a wife, and a few years after he had entered into possession of the manse of Stenton, he took home his cousin Margaretta as his bride.

At Stenton Mr. Grey remained till 1813, when an opportunity arose of placing him in a more conspicuous station. Sir Harry Moncrieff had been interesting himself in the establishment of "chapels-of-ease" in various parts of Scotland, and for some years,



with the aid of his colleague in the ministry, had revived public worship in a corner of his own parish, utilising for the purpose an old building known as the original St. Cuthbert's Chapel. The work had been successful, and it was resolved to appoint a permanent minister. Sir Harry's choice fell upon his friend Mr. Grey, and he, responding to the call, left his rural flock to assume the charge of a more cultured congregation in the metropolis of Scotland. Seven years later he was elected by the magistrates and Town Council of Edinburgh to the ministry of the New North Church, as it was called—one of the several distinct churches to whose services the old Cathedral of St. Giles was devoted. In 1827 he was translated to the Church of St. Mary, a new edifice just then completed on the northern outskirts of the city.

Shortly after his induction at St. Mary's, one of those curious controversies which every now and

then disturb Christian communities, broke out and raged with much violence. It was a dispute as to the conduct of the Bible Society in permitting the Apocrypha to be circulated along with the canonical books of the Scriptures. Mr. Grey, or rather Dr. Grey, for by this time he had become a Doctor of Divinity, took up the cudgels on behalf of the society; Dr. Andrew Thompson, another Edinburgh minister, espoused the opposite side. The death of the latter in February, 1831, ended the strife, which was painfully personal while it lasted, though it is said that the friendship of the two disputants was not seriously ruffled by the storms of controversy. When this temporary disquietude had passed away, Dr. Grey recovered the confidence of the friends who had taken sides against him, and became the popular preacher of modern Athens.

At the great disruption in 1843 Dr. Grey followed Dr. Chalmers, and gave up his preferment. He quitted the house in which he had so long resided for one of narrower dimensions, left the beautiful Church of St. Mary for a humble tabernacle, and began his clerical life afresh as a minister of the Free Church of Scotland. Next to Dr. Chalmers he was the secessionist whose self-sacrifice was most highly honoured and appreciated. Over the first General Assembly of the Free Church Dr. Chalmers presided as Moderator; at the second Assembly Dr. Grey occupied that exalted position. In 1851 the jubilee of his ministry was celebrated in Edinburgh, and the commemoration was made of permanent interest by the establishment of a "Grey Scholarship in Divinity" and the execution of a marble bust of himself which now adorns the library of the Free Church College.

During all this time active correspondence and frequent interchange of visits had taken place between Dr. Grey and his wife and the families at Milfield and Dilston. Mrs. Butler's Memoir contains many references to their affectionate intercourse, and several examples of the vigorous letters on public questions which Dr. Grey's wife addressed to them. Another of John Grey's sisters had married, first Mr. Lundi, of Kelso (friend and associate of Scott, Leyden, and Brougham), and after his death Dr. Duncan, the founder of Savings Banks in Scotland, a brother minister of Dr. Grey's, and like him a seceder from the National Church. With her also correspondence was maintained, and for many years the family circle remained unbroken. Soon after the celebration of his jubilee, domestic sorrows fell upon Dr. Grey in quick succession. In 1854 he lost his eldest son, the Rev. Henry C. Grey, M.A., rector of Wartling, Sussex; in 1857 his eldest daughter, married to the Rev. J. Hampden Gurney, M.A., rector of St. Mary's, Marylebone; and in 1858 his

wife. Mrs. Grey's death was immediately preceded and followed by the death of two young relatives in whom he took an affectionate interest; first a grandniece, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Horatio Bonar, who died while on a visit to his house; the other his grandson, son of the Rev. C. M. Birrell, of Liverpool, whose studies at Edinburgh Academy he was supervising. A few months later Dr. Grey himself was called away. He died on the 13th January, 1859, in the eighty-first year of his age, and the fifty-ninth of his ministry, and was buried in St. Outhbert's Churchyard, Edinburgh.

### Timothy Hackworth,

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER AND SUPERINTENDENT.

Three natives of Tyneside, born in adjoining parishes, with less than eight years interval separating the oldest from the youngest of them, were the chief instruments in creating a social and commercial revolution to which the history of mankind offers no parallel. Whatsoever may be their respective claims to priority of invention or utility of design, whatsoever opinion may be formed as to the degree in which each of them contributed to the general result, these three industrial heroes—William Hedley, George Stephenson, and Timothy Hackworth—undoubtedly solved amongst them a problem that had lingered long in the lap of experiment and expectation; they demonstrated the practical and profitable adaptation of the power of steam to locomotion, and gave us our present railway system.

Timothy Hackworth was born at Wylam (where his father, John Hackworth, was foreman of the colliery blacksmiths), on the 22nd December, 1786. He received his education, such as it was, at the village school, and, at the age of 14, was apprenticed to the owners of the colliery to learn his father's trade. Two years after he had entered upon his indentures the father died, and upon Timothy devolved the care of providing for his mother and family. As soon as his apprenticeship expired, in 1807, the colliery authorities raised him to his father's post of foreman smith.

While Timothy Hackworth was serving under indentures, colliery managers were speculating upon the probabilities of using steam as a motive power in the haulage of coal. Christopher Blackett, the owner, and William Hedley, the viewer, of Wylam Colliery, took a lively and intelligent interest in the matter. So early as 1805 a locomotive engine had been made to Mr. Blackett's order at Whinfield's Foundry in Gateshead. It was a failure, but Mr. Blackett was not discouraged. Mr. Hedley had proved to him that smooth wheels would work upon smooth rails by pressure of the weight above them.

In 1812, Mr. Blackett directed that Hackworth and his smiths, assisted by Thomas Waters, a Gateshead ironfounder, should build a locomotive from Mr. Hedley's design. This engine proved defective. Another engine was put in hand, and Hackworth, helped by Jonathan Forster, the colliery engineer, succeeded to admiration. The engine drew eight loaded coal waggons after it, at the rate of four miles an hour. The victory was won. Mr. Hedley had demonstrated the soundness of his ideas; Hackworth had brought them into effective operation; the era of steam locomotion had begun.

While these experiments were in progress Timothy Hackworth had received serious impressions on the subject of religion. At the beginning of the year 1811 he united himself to the Methodist body, and soon afterwards, having developed considerable gifts of speaking and exhorting, his name was entered in the Circuit Plan as a local preacher. Fidelity to his religious convictions severed the tie which bound him to Wylam Colliery. One Sunday, in 1815, as we read in Lawson's "Wesleyan Local Preachers," he was passing the pit to fulfil a preaching appointment, when a fellow-workman accosted him with, "Where's thee gannin'?" Hackworth answered, "I am going to preach." "Is thee not gannin' to de this wark?" "I have other work than that to do to-day." "Weel, if thou'll not, somebody else will, and thou'll lose thee job." "Lose, or not lose, I shall not break the Sabbath," rejoined Hackworth, and passed on to his engagement. The man's prediction proved to be accurate. The owner of Wylam Colliery, or his representative, discharged a most faithful servant because he refused to work on a Sunday.

Dismissed from Wylam, Mr. Hackworth obtained the foremanship of the smiths at Walbottle Colliery, and there he remained till 1824. In the meantime, George Stephenson, improving upon the Wylam experiments, had established a great reputation as a railway pioneer, and had his hands full of business. At the date just mentioned, he was undertaking a survey for the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and required a competent man to superintend, during his absence, the manufactory of steam engines which he had opened in Newcastle. He applied to the agent of Walbottle Colliery for the loan of Timothy Hackworth, and the latter, nothing loth, accepted the position. So well did he manage the concern that Stephenson offered him strong inducements—half his own share in the manufactory, it is said—to remain. For reasons of his own, Hackworth declined, refused at the same time an offer to accompany an exploring expedition to the gold and silver mines of Venezuela, New Granada, and Trinidad, and determined to start in business for himself. His arrangements for that

purpose were approaching completion when he received, through Mr. Stephenson's recommendation, an offer of the post of resident engineer to the Stockton and Darlington Railway Company. This was an office worthy of his acceptance, and he closed with the offer.

At Darlington, Timothy Hackworth began a system of laborious research and rigorous investigation into the principles of locomotive mechanism and their adaptation to the requirements of traffic, which made the Stockton and Darlington line famous in the history of railway enterprise. Five miles of the railway consisted of inclined planes, worked with stationary engines, and to the safe and effectual arrangements of these planes, he devoted in the first instance the greater part of his time and energies. He designed double-acting drums for the Brusselton Incline, and so fixed a drum upon the Etherley Incline that it worked the coal-waggons, up and down a long bank and a short bank, with a minimum of strain upon the engine. Among other of his devices were the discharge-hook by which the ropes could be detached from waggons in motion, the drag-frame attached to last carriages in ascending inclines, with the object of arresting precipitate descent in case of accident, and the switch, fixed a short distance from the top of inclines, by which waggons could be thrown off the line if they happen to run over the bank head. But his greatest achievement on the Stockton and Darlington was the construction of an engine on a new principle, "the boldest step in mechanical construction ever concentrated in a single effort." The locomotives in use upon the line worked so badly that the directors contemplated the use of fixed engines over the whole of their mileage. Hackworth expressed confidence in his own ability to build a locomotive that would travel with greater speed, draw a heavier load, and consume less fuel than the imperfect specimens which the company were running. Permission was granted, and he constructed, in 1827, the engine celebrated in railway history as the "Royal George." The "Royal George" was "the first of a new type of engine, and the nearest approach to the modern locomotive of any that had yet been built."

In the celebrated trial of locomotives upon the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1829, Hackworth entered the "Sanspareil," an engine built upon the same principle as the "Royal George," but it broke down, and the prize of £500 was awarded to the "Rocket," built by George and Robert Stephenson. The "Sanspareil" is described as "a marvel of mechanism, considering the conditions under which it was made." It was sold to the Bolton Railway Company, after it had done some service elsewhere,

and gave great satisfaction. In another competition, Hackworth was more successful. The Stockton and Darlington Company offered 150 and 75 guineas respectively for the best and second best plans, sections, and estimates for staiths, machinery, &c., to be used in the shipment of coals at Middlesbrough, and he obtained the first prize. Other remarkable achievements in locomotive engineering followed. A new engine, the "Globe," with which he opened the branch line from Stockton to Middlesbrough, showed a marked improvement, and still further ingenuity was displayed in the "Majestic," "Lord Brougham," "William IV.," &c.

When Mr. Hackworth had given to the Stockton and Darlington line nine years of service as engineer and locomotive manager, the conditions of his engagement was changed. He had won the entire confidence of the directors, and in 1834 they placed their machinery and workshops at his disposal, and contracted with him for the entire haulage of the line. The arrangement lasted till 1840, when he erected the Soho Engine Works, Shildon, and commenced business on his own account.

Throughout his career, Mr. Hackworth retained his connection as a Methodist class leader and local preacher. "Naturally endowed with great moral courage and fortitude of mind," writes one who knew him, "he possessed a fluency and happiness of expression, with a thread of delicate humour and anecdote pervading his discourses, which charmed all who listened to his artless eloquence. He loved retirement, and preferred the joys of private life to worldly honours, which caused him, though a public character, not to be universally known. Constitutionally healthy and robust, his life was one of great activity, both mental and physical; every moment was pressed into service." Thus he continued till his death, which occurred, after a few days' illness, on the 7th of July, 1850, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

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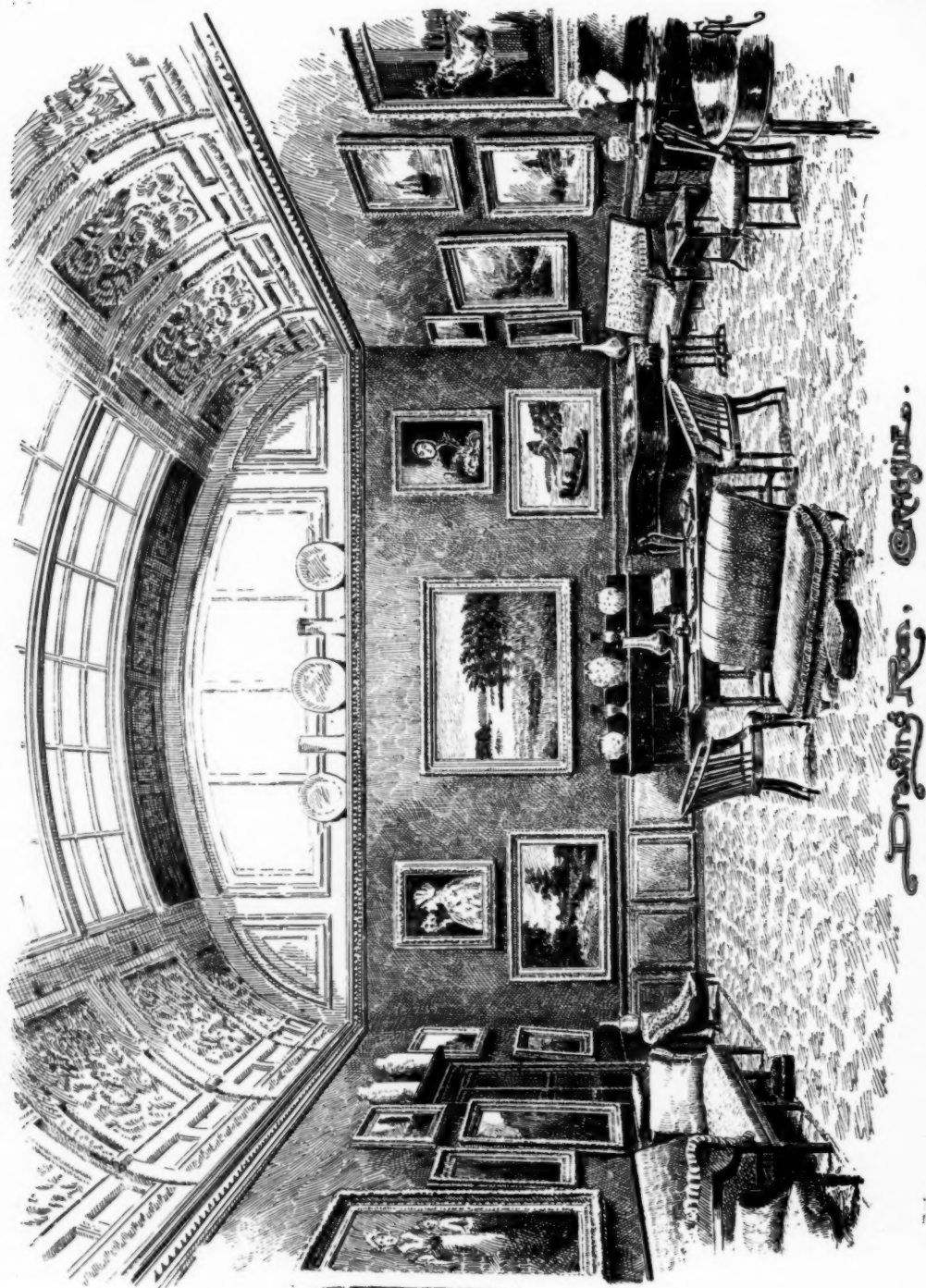
### Interior of Cragside.

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IEWS of the exterior of Cragside, Lord Armstrong's stately mansion at Rothbury, have already appeared in the *Monthly Chronicle*. (See vol. i., p. 360-1.) And now we present the reader with two sketches from the interior.

Cragside is celebrated for its splendid collection of pictures by modern masters. These costly works of art are to be found in all the principal rooms; but the gems are hung in the drawing-room. Lighted from the roof, this magnificent apartment is well adapted for the display of fine paintings. On referring

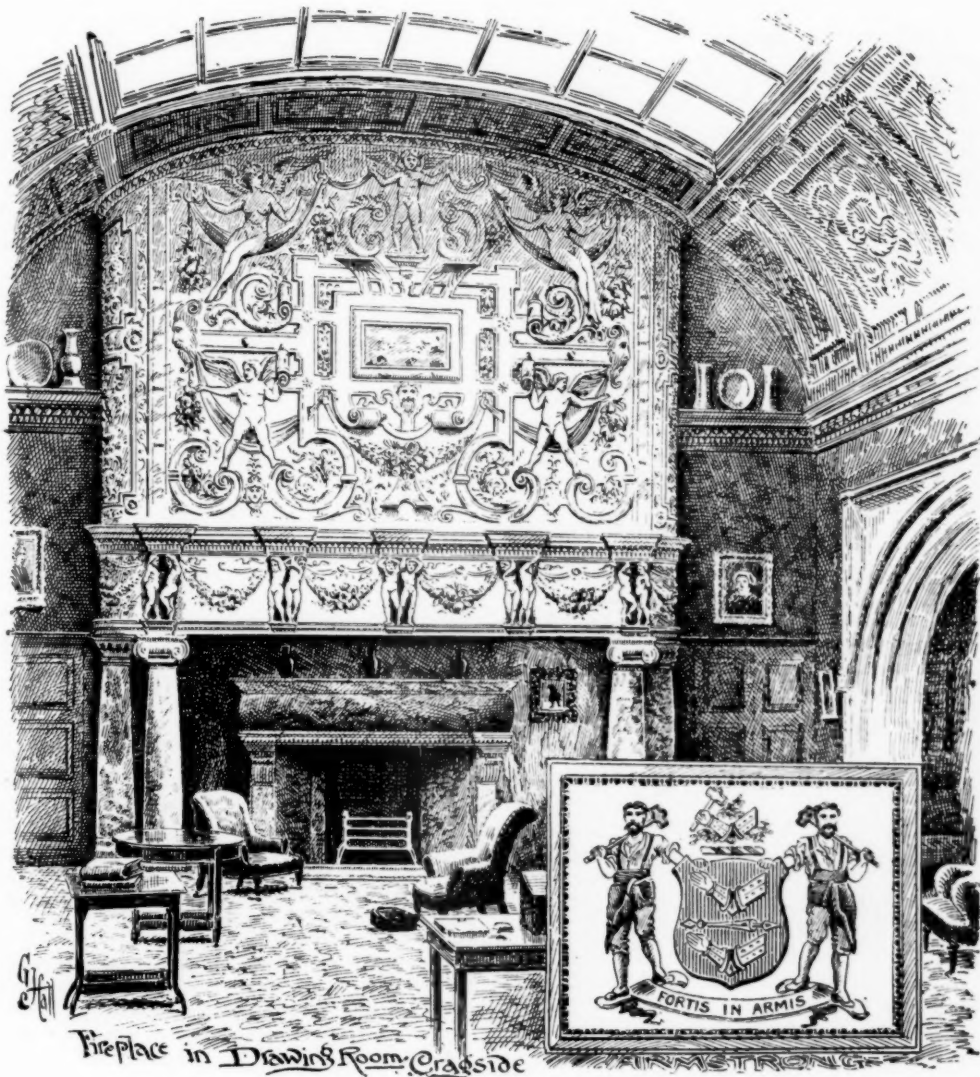


Pratt & Co. New York.



to our drawing, which is copied from a photograph by Mr. Worsnop, of Rothbury, five large canvases will be seen fronting the observer. That to the left and nearest the ceiling is regarded as one of the best works of Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., being no other than the well-known "Venetian Lady." Below it is one of William Muller's most noteworthy examples. The centre picture is the world-famed "Chill October," by Sir John Millais. Next to the ceiling to the right is the "Spanish Flower Girl," by John Philip, R.A., often facetiously termed "Philip of Spain," from the circumstance that he obtained most of his subjects from that country. Immediately below is one of J. C. Hook's seascapes—in

every sense worthy of Craggside. The large picture on the wall to the right, adjoining the small ones in the corner, is a noble landscape by John Linnell, Sen., entitled "A Storm in Autumn." The next two pictures are marine pieces by E. W. Cooke, R.A., and W. Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., a native of Sunderland. A portion of the painting known as the "Death of Raphael," by H. O'Neil, R.A., is shown to the right. On the opposite side of the room, and nearest to the spectator, is "The Primrose Gatherers," a characteristic example by C. R. Leslie, R.A. The other pictures are all fine specimens of the art of the nineteenth century, one of them being a very superior oil-painting by David Cox. In



Fireplace in Drawing Room, Craggside

appropriate positions will be seen many rare specimens of the potter's art, including the two celebrated Hawthorne vases of great beauty and value. Many of these choice articles were presented to Lord Armstrong by members of the foreign embassies.

The drawing-room is situated in that part of the building known as "Gilknockie Tower." The most noticeable object, perhaps, in this apartment is the marble mantelpiece. The drawing made by our artist, which is also copied from a photograph taken by Mr. Woranop, shows the elaborate carvings, which were adapted by Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., the designer of Cragside (and also, it may be stated, of many lordly residences in the metropolis), from the works of Michael Angelo. The Gothic arch to the right leads to a recess and large window, whence there is a magnificent view of the park and fields, with the glorious background of the Simonside Hills. Lord Armstrong's coat-of-arms has been inserted at the lower corner of the drawing.

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## The Battle of Otterburn.

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### I.

**F**EW English battles are so full of pathetic incidents or dramatic situations as that of Otterburn. No martial display in our history is better remembered. It was highly romantic in its conception, was fought between chivalrous foes, and has since formed a theme for some of the grandest ballads in our language. Yet it can scarcely be considered of great importance. No kingly strife throws a glamour over the story, no vexed question was solved by those engaged. The warriors, it is true, were men of Scotch and English descent—men who had long regarded each other as natural foes—but, at the period of their sanguinary struggle, there was nothing in the aspect of national affairs to account for the rupture. For once in a way, the kingdoms were at peace. Yet so fierce and powerful were the leading chieftains—especially those located near the Border-land—that they could gather their followers, organise them, equip them, and retaliate upon each other unchecked.

Otterburn is, by some authorities, spoken of as a skirmish; by others as a foray; by others, again, as a mere quarrel between the rival houses of Douglass and Percy. Some learned narrators have ventured to doubt the authenticity of the fight; some have treated it as a genuine though unimportant phase of Northern barbarism; some, while accepting the current versions, have been content to dismiss them with a passing reference. But, however designated, the occurrence throws a remarkable light on the condition of a district of undoubted interest, as well as on the manners and customs of a people who had long been inured to all the horrors of internecine war.

Though there is considerable doubt as to the date on

which the battle of Otterburn was fought, most authorities agree that it was somewhere about the middle of August, 1388. At that time, Richard II. was spending his substance in riotous living, and the great Border barons—when not plotting for their own aggrandisement—were wont to amuse themselves by hunting and hawking expeditions that frequently led to bloodshed. They lived in wild, swampy, well wooded districts, and possessed bodies of retainers who were as rude, savage, and relentless as themselves. Though separated by the Cheviots, the condition of the dwellers on each side of this natural barrier was not greatly dissimilar. Both districts were populous; both sets of people sadly prone to raiding and thieving. The commoners lived in slenderly constructed hovels without windows. They were possessed of little furniture and few comforts, and they stored up their wealth in cattle which all men seemed anxious to steal. The chiefs occupied castles or peel towers, in which, during periods of danger, it was customary for their dependants to gather for mutual protection. This, in a sentence, was the state of matters for many centuries. An excursion from one side of the hills led to retaliation from the other, and seldom failed to produce scenes of rapine that were truly deplorable. It was a raid of this character, though on a scale of unusual magnitude, that led to the incident we are about to describe. The English, under Richard, had swarmed across the Border in 1385; and the Scots were yearning to wipe out the disgrace at the earliest possible moment. This, at least, is the reason assigned for their tactics. But it was not until the summer of 1388 that the enterprise was deemed ripe for accomplishment. The Dukes of Argyll and Fife, supported by James, Earl of Douglass, had long been fostering their plans, and on St. Oswald's Day, the 5th of August, they arranged for an assembly of their adherents in the Forest of Jedburgh. No fewer than 30,000 men are said to have responded to the call, and nothing seemed likely to interfere with the full success of their schemes. Being too numerous for a single column, however, the leaders divided their forces—one section, under the Duke of Argyll, entering England by way of Carlisle; the other, under Douglass, crossing the Cheviots near the head of Redesdale.

As it is entirely with the latter section that our recital has to deal, a few details concerning the force are necessary. It consisted of 400 knights, squires, and men-at-arms, together with 2,000 chosen infantry. These were the actual fighting men; but, taking into account the grooms and camp followers, the army is supposed to have numbered nearly 6,000. In all respects these warriors must have constituted an attractive party. Plates of steel—over which were tabards of cloth or fur—formed the chief defensive armour of the knights, who, with coarsely finished helmets, long lances, two-edged swords, and battle axes, were a truly formidable array. Coming next were the men-at-arms in similarly

heavy metal; and after them the infantry—in skull-caps and stuffed jackets—all armed with long spears, maces, and short swords. As nearly every man possessed a horse of some kind, there was no difficulty in the way of rapid transit, and it is this circumstance, perhaps, that accounts for the extraordinary facility with which they seem to have covered the invaded land. It was on the 7th of August that they made their way down Redesdale—with the Earl of March and the Earl of Moray by the side of Douglass; and famous knights like those of Lindsay, Ramsay, Montgomery, Hepburn, and Swinton, ever in the van. They swept through Northumberland as expeditiously as they could, crossed the Tyne above Newburn, and from the hamlets of Durham and North York gathered a rich harvest of cattle and other spoil. Blazing homesteads marked the path of this domineering horde, and startled peasants soon carried information to the negligent defenders of the frontier.

No less a person than Sir Henry Percy—the redoubtable Hotspur—was at this period acting as warden of the marches, and his fiery temper was not improved by the knowledge that he had been caught napping. It was terrible to think that the Scots had taken the war-path while he was dallying at Alnwick, but still more galling to imagine that they might return without a check to their depredations. After scattering messengers to all parts of the county for aid, and gathering every available follower from his own neighbourhood, he at once proceeded to Newcastle to await reinforcements. He was only just in time, for about Friday, the 14th of August, the Douglass—intoxicated by his previous successes—made an attempt to get possession of that stronghold also. Though too weak to attack his assailant, Percy was strong enough to hold the town, and could, therefore, await developments with something like equanimity. The situation, from a military point of view, was extremely interesting. Having failed to surprise the place, the Scots took up their position on the Leazes—from whence they could overlook the defences of the burghers—and there considered the desirability of storming the walls. It would have proved a hazardous enterprise under any circumstances; but to the Scots, who were imperfectly equipped for so hazardous an undertaking, the prospect might well seem hopeless. Almost in front of them lay the “massive fabric of Newgate, with its barbican and bridge”; while sweeping round to the river on either side were walls, and towers, and turrets that were guarded by stalwart and determined men. Beneath them lay the outward fosse, 22 yards broad, on any point of which the archers could concentrate a shower of arrows. No wonder, then, that the inhabitants felt tolerably secure from a direct attack; though they were galled, no doubt, by their inability to meet the foe in the open. But while a general engagement was not deemed prudent, there were several exciting skirmishes between the most ardent partizans of the respective leaders. Pre-

cisely what happened during this period of siege is unknown. It is probable, however, that many personal encounters took place at the northern barrier, where doughty champions would gladly enter the lists against each other. Hotspur and his brother Ralph are said to have contended in this way against the Scottish leaders; and, as the result of one joust, the Northumbrian chief was unhorsed by the Douglass, who thereupon got possession of the silken pennon of the Percies. Waving it above his head, the vanquisher declared that he would convey it to Scotland, and place it on his castle at Dalkeith as a symbol of his enemy's downfall. Hotspur was rendered furious by the thought of such an indignity, and emphatically asserted that the exploit should never be accomplished; whereupon the Douglass, with equal warmth, replied—“Then thou must come and seek it to-night, for I shall place it in the ground before my tent, and see if thou wilt venture to take it away.”

What followed on the banks of the Tyne is not very material to the story, though in all probability the victory over Hotspur was followed by an unsuccessful attempt to scale the walls of the town. There are one or two records that are supposed to lend colour to this view. One of these asserts, on the authority of an old writer, that the Douglass “consolated his followers” for their want of success at Newcastle, and attributed the failure to a lack of scaling ladders. As a second confirmation, we may cite an old ballad—believed to have been written within a hundred years of the fight—in which there is an allusion to Hotspur that says:—

A pype of wyne he gave them over the walles  
Forsoth, as I yow saye;  
Ther he mayd the Douglas drynke  
And all hys oste that daye.

But there is another record that may also have reference to this unexpected attack on the town of Newcastle. It is known, for instance, that Richard II., in 1390, decreed that “a sword—the ensign of royal state and authority—should be carried before the Mayor of Newcastle.” This honour, in the opinion of some historians, “may have been conferred as a mark of his majesty's approval of the bravery which the inhabitants had previously shown in defending the town.”

Without inquiring too closely into the motives that precipitated the movement, there can be no doubt that the Scots had left their quarters before daybreak on the morning following the skirmish, and were well on their way to the hill districts before the harassed townsmen were stirring. After plundering a tower at Ponteland, the retiring host reached the vicinity of Otterburn in the afternoon. They did not stay in the village; but marched up the open valley to Greenchesters, whence they debouched to the right, and took possession of a disused camp on the eminence in front of them. “This,” says Mr. Robert White, “forms a kind of promontory, jutting-out to the south-west from the high land behind; and to the Scots it commanded a good view, both up Redesdale

and around the central part thereof, for several miles. The tower of Otterburn was situated about a mile and a half below them, and they had an open prospect to the south-east—the direction whence they might reasonably expect the approach of the English." Without losing a moment's time, they entered their camp, sent the raided cattle for safety into the marshy ground along the banks of the Rede, and then made the best preparations they could for guarding the chosen ground. In all respects the place was well adapted for defence—being protected on the west and south by natural growths of wood, and having an entrance on the east similarly sheltered. On the north appeared evidences of weakness; but these were quickly made secure by earthworks and felled trees. It was on this spot that the Scots passed the night without molestation. Early on the following morning, the 19th of August, they made an ineffectual attempt to capture the tower of Otterburn, and were so impressed by the miscarriage of their plans that a numerous party urged an immediate retreat across the Cheviots. The Douglass, however, would listen to no retrograde movement. He had promised to give Hotspur an opportunity of regaining his pennon, and, in spite of all risks or auguries, he felt bound to remain a little longer on English ground.

Though fatigued by the struggles of the day, the Scots were constrained to take rest in close proximity to their armour. It is quite as well they did so, for a visitor was approaching who was sure to strike hard and quickly.

WILLIAM LONGSTAFF.

### Four Members of the Crake Family.

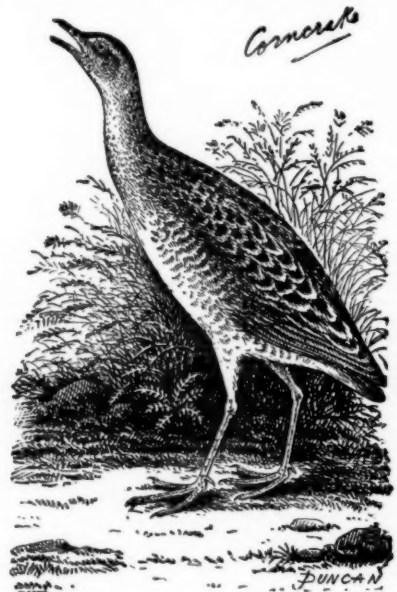
**T**HE cornerake, or landrail (*Crex pratensis*, Yarrell; *Gallinula crex*, Bewick), is a regular summer visitor to the Northern Counties, where its harsh cry may often be heard, though the bird itself is seldom to be seen, in the grass and corn fields. It arrives in April, and departs in September or October.

Though this interesting bird seems to be a poor flyer when forced to take wing in the meadows, which it will only do when hard pressed, it nevertheless crosses the Mediterranean to and from Africa in great numbers during the spring and autumn migrations. Its favourite haunts are low grass meadows, clover and corn fields, willow beds, and other places which afford a secure shelter. When seen, it is easily recognized by its high body, with much compressed sides.

The length of the bird is nearly ten inches. The smooth but not very thick plumage is of a blackish brown above, spotted with yellowish grey; the throat and fore parts of the neck are ash grey, with brownish grey sides, spotted with brownish red; the wings are brownish red,

spotted with yellowish white. The female is not so brightly coloured. The call of the cornerake, as most schoolboys are aware, can be very closely imitated by passing the edge of the thumb nail, or a piece of wood, briskly along the points of the teeth of a comb, and so similar is the sound that the bird may be decoyed by it to within a very short distance. The male bird is the caller, and he continues to utter his discordant cry until a mate is found, and incubation commences, after which he is heard less frequently.

The bird is stealthy and cunning in its movements, and will simulate death if suddenly surprised. Mr. Jesse relates the following interesting anecdote in corroboration of this fact:—"A gentleman had a cornerake brought to him by his dog, to all appearance lifeless. As it lay on the ground, he turned it over with his foot, and felt



convinced that it was dead. Standing by, however, in silence, he suddenly saw it open an eye. He then took it up; its head fell, its legs hung loose, and it again appeared quite dead. He then put it in his pocket, but before long he felt it all alive and struggling to escape. He then took it out, and it was apparently lifeless as before. Having laid it again on the ground and retired to some distance, the bird in about five minutes warily raised its head, looked around, and decamped at full speed."

The cornerake can run with great swiftness, and threads its way through grass or standing corn, when disturbed, with the utmost celerity. Its food consists chiefly of worms, snails, slugs, insects, grass seeds, &c. It is an accomplished ventriloquist, and while quite near at hand the note may sometimes sound as if it were a



long way off, and vice versa. The nest, which contains from eight to twelve eggs, is usually placed amid standing grass or corn, and occasionally in a furrow or natural hollow.

The water rail (*Rallus aquaticus*) is not uncommon in the Northern Counties, though rarely seen, on account of



its retiring habits. "It is a resident," says Mr. John Hancock, "but to a considerable extent is migratory, and is most numerous during autumn and winter. Its nest was taken by Mr. C. M. Adamson, on the 12th July, 1867, at Grindon Lough; it was built amidst reeds, about knee deep in water, and contained seven eggs."

The adult male has the crown and upper parts generally of a fulvous brown colour, with a blackish centre to each of the feathers; quills, dusky brown; tail feathers, dark brown, bordered with olive brown; chin, whitish; sides of head, neck, and under parts to centre of abdomen, uniform slate grey; flanks, black, transversely barred with white; vent, buff; some of the under tail coverts white. Length, from ten to eleven inches. The female is slightly duller in colour than the male, but is otherwise similar.

Like its land relative, the water rail is not much of a flyer, but it can run with much swiftness amid the grass and reeds on the margins of ponds and lakes. Its chief food consists of various kinds of insects, worms, small frogs, slugs, snails, and sometimes mice and small fish.

The spotted crake (*Gallinula porzana*, Bewick—*Oreoporzana*, Yarrell) is stated by Mr. Hancock to be a resident in the Northern Counties. A nest of eggs, he says, was taken at Prestwick Car, many years ago, by the gamekeeper of the late Sir Matthew White Ridley; another nest of young, just hatched, was taken at the same place, by Mr. Turner, of Prestwick; and, according to the late Mr. W. Proctor, it formerly bred at Framwellgate Cars, Durham.

All the *Gallinula*, as Dr. Brehm observes, are inhabitants of marshy districts, and some of them might even be called water fowl. They usually prefer sedgy lakes, swampy morasses and brooks, or ponds and rivers well stocked with vegetation, but are, without exception, restricted to fresh water. They run with less agility than the rails, but far surpass them in their powers of swimming and diving. As soon as the young are capable of exertion, they and their parents quit the place of their birth and wend their way, in some instances, further south, or merely to a more favourable situation, where they remain till after the moulting season.

These birds appear to begin to arrive about the middle or end of March, their journeys taking place by night. The return migration takes place about the middle or end of October. The bird flies in an unsteady, awkward manner, with the legs hanging down, like the landrail when on the wing. When the migratory period approaches, the bird may sometimes be seen rising high into the air. Its chief food consists of worms, slugs, aquatic insects, and the seeds of water and land plants.

The adult male spotted crake has the upper parts olive-brown, with blackish centres to the feathers and spotted or streaked with white; wings, brown, with outer web of first primary white; lores, brown; chin, throat, sides of head, and chest, slate-grey, shaded with olive on chest and more or less spotted with white; abdomen, white; flanks, brown, conspicuously barred with white; under



tail-coverts, buff; bill, yellow, orange at base; legs and feet, olive green; irides, hazel. Length, between eight and nine inches. The female is slightly smaller in size and duller in colour than the male bird, and has more brown on the sides of the head and flanks.

The nest is usually built in a clump of rushes or amongst reeds.

The little crake (*Porzana parva*), Seebom tells us, is a rare visitor to our islands. It has occurred in England between thirty and forty times. A few examples have been seen and taken in the Northern Counties. The

general colour of the upper parts of the adult male in spring plumage is buffish brown, most of the feathers, except those of the head, nape, and the wing-coverts, having obscurely defined dark centres. The primaries and secondaries are brown; the forehead, a line over the



eye, the sides of the head and neck, and the rest of the underparts are slate-grey; the shortest under tail-coverts are brown tipped with white; the longest, black tipped with white. Bill, green, tinged with red at the base; legs and feet, green; irides, deep carmine. The female differs a little from the male in general colouration.

### The French Dragoon and the Newcastle Editor.

**I**N the month of October, 1858, the highly responsible situation of French Consul in the port of Newcastle was filled by a peer of France, Count Louis de Maricourt, and the still more delicate position of editor of the now defunct *Northern Daily Express*, then a professedly religious paper, by the late James Bolivar Manson. Party spirit ran high at the time; municipal elections were in progress; and the *Express* took up the cudgels for or against particular candidates in the several contested wards according to the will and pleasure of its conductor. One of the gentlemen most obnoxious to its ire was an adherent of the Roman Catholic Church, and a prominent member of one of the oldest Northumbrian families attached to the old faith. This was Mr. William Dunn, who was opposed for Westgate Ward by Mr. George Charlton, afterwards Mayor of Gateshead.

The Count de Maricourt, who had, during his residence in Newcastle, endeared himself to many by his marked beneficence, especially to the Roman Catholic poor, incurred the displeasure of the Protestant *Express* through entirely twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, dashed in

an act of courtesy, which was perhaps inconsiderate, but which there was no reason to believe sprung from any bad motive. During the heat of the contest, the count called upon one of the voters in the ward for which Mr. Dunn had put up, in company with a friend who was actively canvassing for that gentleman. According to his own subsequent account, he did not ask the man for his vote, though the man alleged that he did. The affair was of course soon bruited abroad, and a letter appeared in the columns of the *Express*, in which M. de Maricourt was very severely taken to task for interfering, foreigner as he was, and foreign official to boot, in an English election. The terms used by the letter-writer were, it may be inferred, not particularly choice; but there was perhaps nothing positively libellous either in them or in the editor's subsequent remarks. That they gave great offence, however, to the parties criticised, was immediately made clear. For late on the evening of Tuesday, October 12th, the day on which the letter appeared, the following card written by a son of Count de Maricourt, then on a visit to his father in Newcastle, was left at the office of the *Express* after the editor had gone away for the night:—

F. DE MARICOURT,

11<sup>eme</sup> DRAGONS.

Fera l'honneur a l'editeur a de l'attendre demain a huit heures du matin au smoking-room de l'Exchange Hotel. Si l'editeur ne vient pas, il aura le plaisir de l'aller cravacher chez lui.

The following is a translation of the missive:—

F. DE MARICOURT,

11<sup>TH</sup> DRAGOONS,

Will do the editor the honour to wait for him at the smoking-room of the Exchange Hotel to-morrow morning at eight o'clock. If the editor does not come, he will have the pleasure to chastise him at his own house.

This note was not seen by Mr. Manson, it appears, until the evening of the following day; but on the Wednesday morning the writer called at the *Express* office, and demanded to see the editor, at the same time pulling out a pistol, which, according to their account, he swung alternately in the faces of the accountant and the clerk. One of these gentlemen understood the language of the excited foreigner; but the other, supposing that the expression of blowing out some one's brains referred to themselves, gave him the editor's private address. M. de Maricourt was told that the editor would probably be at the office about 1 o'clock, and at that "wee short hour" he walked right upstairs to the editorial sanctum, entering it so silently that a boy, who was arranging some papers at a table, only became aware of his presence by finding a hand laid upon his shoulder. He expressed his intention to remain there some time, to await the editor's arrival. And there he did remain until about twenty minutes to 2. The remaining portion of the narrative will now be best given as drawn up by Mr. Manson himself in the first person:—

Sitting in my own house in Ravensworth Terrace, Gateshead, and engaged writing, I heard a knock at the door a few minutes past 2. The servant opened it, and, without waiting to be announced, a person appeared

with a bound, saluting me interrogatively—"Monsieur le redacteur du *Northern Chronicle*?" I corrected him, and said "*Express*"—on which he broke out into a torrent of French, articulating so vehemently and fast that I did not catch a single word he said, and could only suppose that my visitor was a lunatic from the neighbouring asylum at Bensham. At last I caught the word "*Maricourt*," and asked "Are you from the Count de Maricourt?" He answered in the affirmative. By this time I had risen, and he again commenced a vehement volley of French—of which the only words I caught were too few to enable me to conjecture his meaning. He observed that I did not understand him, and said—enunciating slowly as if feeling for his words—"I speak English. You insult Count de Maricourt—I kill you"—pulling out of his pocket a small pistol, cocking it at the same moment, and bringing it round with his finger on the trigger to within a few inches of my own head. He exclaimed, "Don't scream. Don't make a noise. You're a dead man." I replied, "I am not going to scream; put down your pistol and tell me what you want."

"I want to kill you," he said.

"Now do be calm and tell me why you have come here."

"I am calm—I am calm," he repeated, as fast as he possibly could, his lips and the muscles of his face quivering convulsively, "I am calm, calm, calm, calm; I kill you in sang froid." And forthwith he burst into another torrent of rapid and unintelligible French, of which I only caught the word "*ecraser*," and the frequent exclamation "*Je te tuerai*."

All this time he stood leaning with his left hand on a massive walking stick, with the pistol in its original position, a few inches from my right eye. I saw that if he did fire I should never know what hurt me, and the agitation of his countenance and voice was so great that I began to fear that he might draw the trigger involuntarily.

I said, "Count Maricourt cannot have sent you here in this state. I shall be at the office at 7 o'clock, when you or he may see me there with any friend you may bring, Mr. Dunn himself if you like."

He replied that he had been at the office, that I had alighted his carte (card), and that he had no confidence in me. He was somewhat calmer, and went on in French to explain that he had invited me to meet him at the smoking room of the Exchange Hotel. My answer was that I had never heard of his card, nor received any such invitation. I requested to know if Count Maricourt sent him here, and what the count really wanted. He said he would not be interrogated.

I then repeated that I would be in Newcastle in the evening, when he ought to come to the office, leaving me in the meantime to my work. He said the count would not come, and he had come in his name.

"Then," said I, "if the count does wish to see me I shall call upon him." He replied, "Come and see the count just now. My brother is here with a cab." This was the first intimation I had that there were two of them. I said, "I shall not leave this till I finish my article." He answered, "I don't take this pistol from your head till you accompany me, but if you are busy you may have the cab back." "Then," said I, "if I must go with you, I shall, on your undertaking to drive at once to the French Consulate." He replied, "I give you my word," lowering his arm, uncocking the pistol, and returning it to his pocket. I said he must allow me to dress. "With pleasure, Monsieur. I wait you." On leaving the room, I first saw his brother, who stood in the door with a stout walking-stick in his hand.

Proceeding with the two brothers to the cab, I heard the man receive instructions to drive to the office of the French Consul in Grey Street. On my way thither I had time to decide on my course of action, and I purposed to call immediately upon Mr. Dunn, offering him the alternative of either taking care of his friends or seeing them entrusted to the authorities. On entering Count de Maricourt's room, a few words, which I failed to hear, passed between his son, the French officer, and himself, on which he rose. I remarked that I understood he wished to see me. "No, no," he said, "it's my son's doing. He is an officer in the French army, and won't see his father insulted." "But there is no insult," I said;

"do you deny the statement in the letter you complain of?" His answer was "I don't want to meddle with your institutions, and I defy the man to say that I asked his vote." "In that case," I replied, "I can only express my regret if I have hurt your feelings on the matter: yet, though I don't question your word, it is right you should know that I had the statement corroborated by three most respectable gentlemen. But as there must be some mistake, I am quite willing to put it right by stating that you deny having canvassed." On this the son again addressed him, and he said, "My son says there must be no justification. What I want is a statement of the facts." I said, "I shall give the statement in your own words," and left the count, who again reminded me that his son was an officer of cavalry in the French army, and could not do otherwise than he had done.

It was not my intention, as I have said, to expose the affair unnecessarily, and the son expressed so much satisfaction at my having seen his father that I felt my resolution confirmed, until I reached the office, and learned what had been the conduct of young Maricourt there, and the terms of his infamous card. Constrained by this manifestation of intended violence throughout to place the affair in the hands of professional advisers, before I had an opportunity of seeing these gentlemen, I received another missive, which was brought to the office by a person attached to the French consulate. It ran as follows:—

Sir,—After having reflected, the only reparation which I require from you is that you should insert, without observation, in your paper of to-morrow the article I send you with this letter—I mean both article and letter.—I salute you and expect,

VISCOMTE F. DE MARICOURT.

P.S.—If you do not judge proper to insert these lines, I shall have the pleasure of returning to see you.

Neither the article nor the letter was of course inserted. The article itself is a succinct account of what he had done, with two transparent mis-statements in it which sufficiently explain his desire to have it published "without observation." He was told when he called first at the office that I had not received his card, and yet this French officer conceives his appearance sufficiently terrible to induce the editor of an English newspaper to acknowledge that he had got the invitation, and therefore kept out of the way. The substance of the facts here recorded was sworn to in the presence of the Gateshead Magistracy, and a warrant taken out for the apprehension of the French officer, who has found himself for once on the wrong side of the Channel.

Thus far Mr. Manson.

The viscount was apprehended at Blyth on the following Saturday, and brought up before the Gateshead bench on the Monday, summarily charged with assaulting and attempting to shoot James Bolivar Manson. Mr. Scaife appeared for the prosecution, and Mr. Edward Glynn for the defence. The evidence of Mr. John Henry Rutherford, manager of the *Express*, and of Mr. John Lowther, reader, was first taken. It was to the same effect as the statement above quoted, the viscount having been very excited when he burst into their presence, and terrified them by his vapouring with the pistol. Mr. Manson then made a long statement, recapitulating the circumstances as already given. In cross-examination, he confessed that he required French to be very slowly spoken to him before he could understand it; and the inference was that he might have misapprehended the purport of the gallant viscount's words. The pocket pistol, however, spoke a language that any man above the grade of an idiot could understand, for, as Mr. Glynn remarked to their worshippers—

It has a sharp, strange sound upon the ear,  
That cocking of a pistol, when you know

A moment more will bring the sight to bear  
Upon your body twelve yards off or so,  
A gentlemanly distance, not too near,  
At which to greet a former friend or foe.

Mr. Glynn, for the defence, admitted that the Viscount de Maricourt had acted with some little imprudence, but urged the strong provocation he had received, through the insult to his father the consul. If he had taken a horse-whip instead of a pistol, he would have acted much better; but great allowance should be made for him as a foreigner who did not understand our English manners and customs. If he (Mr. Glynn) had been upon the bench instead of pleading at the bar that day, he would have said he disapproved of the viscount's conduct as a magistrate, but approved of it as a man; for it was perfectly intolerable that honourable gentlemen like the Count de Maricourt should have base motives imputed to them. He could not resist the evidence that violence had been used, or justify that violence under any ordinary circumstances; but he submitted to their worships that, if they found the defendant guilty, their decision should be such as to mark their lively sense of the great provocation he had received. In conclusion, he took the liberty to direct the attention of the bench to a precedent which he thought they might without the least impropriety follow, or which might, at any rate, serve to guide them in their judgment. They would find it in that invaluable digest, the "Ingoldsby Legends," for which the learned world were indebted to Mr. Barham. It was the celebrated case of Mrs. Winifred Price, killed by an unlucky "lick" given her by her husband, David, whom she had provoked by her pungent taunts to hurl his stick at her. The conclusion ran thus:—

There came up Mr. ap Thomas, the coroner,  
With his jury to sit, some dozen or more, on her.  
The jury retired, and sat on the body,  
And after discussing the case in gin toddy,

They returned to the room, at eleven at night,  
A unanimous verdict of—Sarved her right.

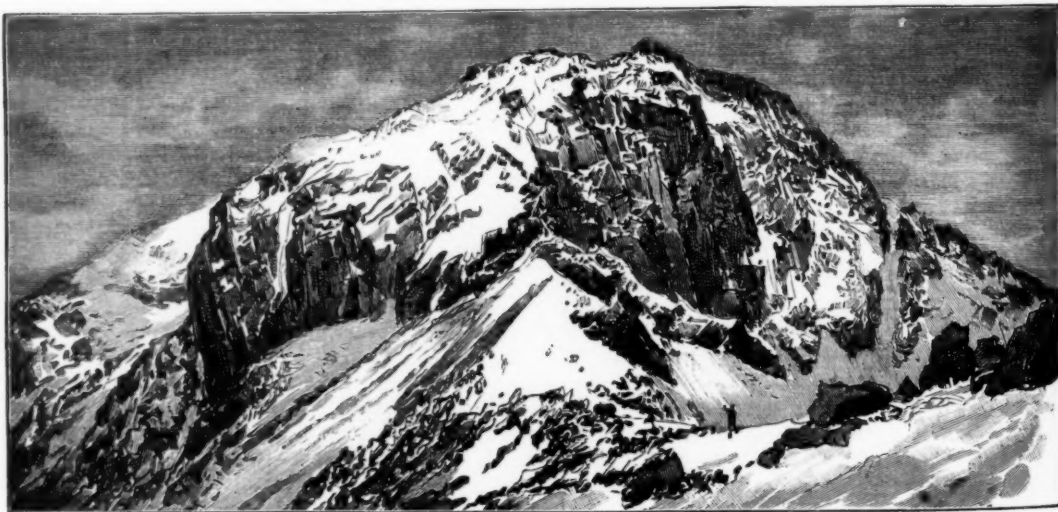
The Gateshead magistrates, like the Welsh jury, retired for a while, and after a short consultation, returned to the hall of justice, when the chairman announced the decision to which they had come—not unanimous indeed, but by a majority. It was that the defendant be fined £5 and costs. There was some hissing in the court at this, which was at once sternly repressed. The penalty was of course paid at once, and the defendant and his friends left the court, and had the gratification of receiving some cheers from the crowd congregated outside, which included a number of Irish Catholics.

And so ended this tragi-comical episode in the life of a Newcastle editor.

### Scawfell Pike.

**T**HE great central mass of mountains from which the Cumbrian hills branch off, as Wordsworth puts it, "like the spokes of a wheel from an axle," may be approached from all the main points of the compass. Experience, however, teaches that the ascent may be made more quickly from Wastdale Head than from any other point: but, as this is the steepest "way to the top," it is only recommended to the young and hardy. Much easier routes are those from Borrowdale or Langdale—both converge near the great precipice called the Great End. The ascents are longer and much easier, being adapted to middle-aged men and women who may wish to ride part of the journey on a mountain pony.

On arriving at the top of Scawfell Pike—the highest



SCAWFELL PIKE.

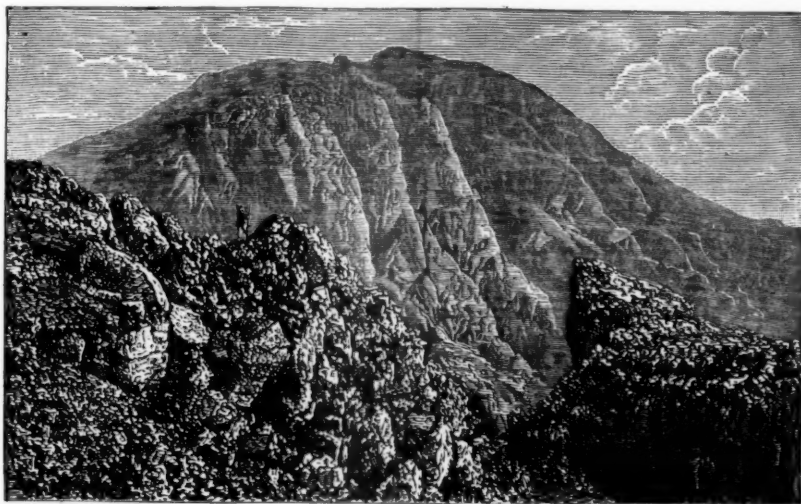


mountain in England, and for that reason oftener visited than any other in the country—the tourist soon finds that there are four summits: that on which he stands, Scawfell, the Great End, and Lingmell, which overhangs Wastdale Head. Only the two principal heights, Scawfell Pike and Scawfell, concern us. They have often been mistaken the one for the other, and for many years the lesser eminence, Scawfell, was alleged to be the higher of the two. In regard to the latter supposition it may be remarked that the mistake would appear to have arisen from the mental impression received as the visitor approaches Wastdale Head along the margin of Wastwater. From the bridge which crosses the Bowdersdale Beck, Scawfell presents a very bold front, and on the sky line looks higher than its greater neighbour, Scawfell Pike, which from this point appears to retire. The matter has been put to rest of late years by the members of the Geological Survey, and the respective heights are declared to be as follows:—Scawfell Pike, 3,208 feet; Scawfell, 3,161 feet.

There is always more or less danger in undertaking the ascent of the Scawfell Pikes. None should attempt it alone for the first time. Even experienced mountaineers often become bewildered in the blinding mists so prevalent in these altitudes. But during the wild winter time the farmers are frequently compelled to go in search of the sheep that have been overwhelmed by the snow, or that are slowly dying of starvation through having gradually strayed on to precipices from which they do not attempt to move—crag-fast, the shepherds say. When the Scawfell Pikes have a thin coating of ice upon them, it taxes all the ingenuity of the dalesman to move along those awful declivities without faltering. Should he make a false step, his death is nearly certain; though, if only severely

injured, he would not slowly die of hunger like lonely tourists are said to have done, for, if his absence were prolonged, all his native hamlet would be aroused, and few would be the Cumbrian dalesmen who would refuse to enter upon a lengthy and hazardous search for a missing comrade. Even more threatening to life and limb are the Scawfell Pikes during a snowstorm, when rocks and projections are hidden by nature's pale mantle. Under these conditions the pikes have a stranger and more impressive beauty than at other times. In milder seasons, the aspect is that of dull lavender grey rock, unrelieved by verdure, the lichens and moss that grow in the crevices having little perceptible effect on the colouring of the huge boulders that are strewn about with cyclopean prodigality. During the time of snow and frost the great icicles that hang from the beetling crags are often lighted by the golden rays of the setting sun with wonderful spectacular effect. Such sights as this are sufficient inducement to the artist to dare the ascent in winter, though, if he always depended upon the sunshine, he might have to wait a considerable time in that region of mist and storm. Our drawing of Scawfell on page 308 (taken from a photograph by Mr. Bell, of Ambleside) gives a tolerably good impression of the winter aspect of the mountain.

The two principal eminences—Scawfell and Scawfell Pike—are separated by a deep gorge called Mickledore. Some 1,200 yards divide the two; but a distance of a couple of miles must be traversed before the journey from one to the other can be accomplished on foot. The view of Scawfell shown below is copied from a photograph by Mr. Alfred Pettit, of Keswick. To reach the top from Scawfell Pike three routes may be taken—that by the Lord's Rake, a gully covered with "screes"; that of

SCAWFELL.  
24

"The Chimney," on the east side; and that known as the "Broad Stand" route. Whichever way is selected, the task is no easy one.

By general consent the view from Scawfell Pike commands the grandest prospect in the Lake District. No better description has been written than that of Wordsworth, which is as follows:—

We ascended (he says) from Seathwaite to the top of the ridge called Esk Haws, and thence beheld three distinct views—on one side the continuous vale of Borrowdale, Keswick, and Bassenthwaite, with Skiddaw, Helvellyn, Saddleback, and numerous other mountains, and in the distance the Solway Frith and the mountains of Scotland; on the other side, and below us, the Langdale Pikes, their own vale below them, Windermere, and, far beyond Windermere, Ingleborough in Yorkshire. But how shall I speak of the deliciousness of the third prospect? At this time it was most favoured by sunshine and shade. The green vale of Esk, deep and green, with its glittering serpent stream, lay below us; and on we looked to the mountains near the sea—Black Combe pre-eminent—and still beyond to the sea itself, in dazzling brightness. Turning round we saw the mountains of Wastdale in tumult; to our right, Great Gable, the loftiest, a distinct and huge form, though the middle of the mountain was, to our eyes, as its base.

We had attained the object of this journey, but our ambition now mounted higher. We saw the summit of Scawfell apparently very near to us, and we shaped our course towards it; but, discovering that it could not be reached without first making a considerable descent, we resolved instead to aim at another point of the same mountain, called the Pikes. On the summit of this, which we gained after much toil, though without difficulty, there was not a breath of air to stir even the papers containing our refreshment as they lay spread out upon a rock. The stillness seemed to be not of this world. We paused and kept silence to listen, and no sound could be heard. The Scawfell cataracts were voiceless to us; and there was not an insect to hum in the air. The vales which we had seen from Esk Haws lay yet in view; and, side by side with Eskdale, we now saw the sister vale of Donnerdale, terminated by the Duddon Sands. But the majesty of the mountains below, and close to us, is not to be conceived. We now beheld the whole mass of Great Gable from its base; the den of Wastdale at our feet, a gulf immeasurable; Graemoor, and the mountains of Crummock, Ennerdale and its mountains, and the sea beyond.

While we were gazing around, "Look," I exclaimed, "at yon ship upon the glittering sea!" "Is it a ship?" replied our shepherd guide. "It can be nothing else," interposed my companion; "I cannot be mistaken, I am so accustomed to the appearance of ships at sea." The guide dropped the argument, but before a minute was gone he quietly said, "Now look at your ship; it is changed into a horse!" So it was—a horse with a gallant neck and head! We laughed heartily; and I hope, when again inclined to be positive, I may remember the ship and the horse upon the glittering sea, and the calm confidence, yet submissiveness, of our wise man of the mountain, who certainly had more knowledge of clouds than we, whatever might be our knowledge of ships. I know not how long we might have remained on the summit of the Pike without a thought of moving had not our guide warned us that we must not linger, for a storm was coming. We looked in vain to espy the signs of it. Mountains, vales, and sea were touched with the clear light of the sun. "It is there," said he, pointing to the sea beyond Whitehaven; and there we perceived a light vapour, unnoticeable but to a shepherd accustomed to watch all mountain bodings. We gazed around again, and yet again, unwilling to lose the remembrance of what lay before us in lofty solitude, and then prepared to depart. Meanwhile, the air changed to cold, and we saw the tiny vapour swelled to mighty masses of cloud, which came boiling over the mountains. Great Gable, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw were wrapped in storm; yet Langdale and

the mountains in that quarter remained all bright in sunshine. Soon the storm reached us; we sheltered under a crag, and almost as rapidly as it had come it passed away, and left us free to observe the struggles of gloom and sunshine in other quarters. Langdale now had its share, and the Pikes of Langdale were decorated by two splendid rainbows. Before we again reached Esk Haws, every cloud had vanished from every summit.

## The Whitworth Doctors.



THE curious statement made in the Life of Archbishop Tate, that the distinguished churchman was cured of a club foot in 1819 by a family of "bone-setters," James Taylor and his two nephews, known as the Whitworth Doctors, justifies the reproduction of part of an article which Mr. H. Kerr contributed to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* in 1884.

The Whitworth Doctors have enjoyed a high reputation since the days when George III. was king, down to the present time, though the last of the direct line died a few years ago. Indeed, the original doctor, John Taylor, though residing in the then small and obscure town of Whitworth, in Lancashire, a few miles from Rochdale, was sent for to London to doctor "Farmer George," members of the Royal family, and dignitaries of the Church and the Law. Many are the wonderful stories yet told in the Rossendale and Whitworth Valleys of the remarkable cures effected by "Doctor John" and his descendants. Some fifty years ago, the late William Howitt wrote a spirited sketch of his "Visit to the Whitworth Doctors," which was published in *Tait's Magazine*, in the year 1839; and it is said by the people of the district that Tait himself was one of Dr. Taylor's patients. The original "Doctor John," of whom many humorous local and general anecdotes are related, practised as a farrier at Whitworth about a century ago. Doctor John was no respecter of persons; he was brusque and curt alike at times to high and low; and if lords or ladies, as was often the case, came to consult him, they had to take their turns with the poorest people who sought his aid. Some of the "grumpy" stories told of Abernethy may indeed be traced to the original Whitworth Doctor.

Before referring to Howitt's visit in 1839, it may be well to know what Hone has to say on the same subject in his "Every-Day Book." The subjoined sketch was no doubt furnished by one of Hone's correspondents:—"Country people, who are usually plain in notion and straightforward in conduct, frequently commit the care of their health to a very odd sort of practitioners. A late celebrated empiric, at Whitworth, near Rochdale, called the Whitworth Doctor, was of so great fame as to have the honour of attending the brother of Lord Thurlow (Thurlow, Bishop of Durham). The name of this doctor was Taylor; and he and his brother were farriers by profession; and, to the last, if both a two-legged and a four-legged patient were presented at the same time, the doctor always preferred the four-legged one. Their practice was immense, as may well be imagined from the orders they gave to the druggist; they dealt principally with Ewtank and Wallis, of York, and a ton of Glauber's salts, with other articles in proportion, was their usual order. On a Sunday morning at Whitworth, the doctors used to bleed gratis. The patients, often to the number of a hundred, were seated on benches round a room, where troughs were placed to receive the blood. One of the doctors then went and tied up the arm of each patient, and was immediately followed by the other, who opened the vein. Such a scene is easier conceived than described. From their medical practice, the

nice formality of scales and weights was banished—all was 'rule of thumb.' An example of their practice may elucidate their claim to celebrity. Being sent to a patient who was in the last stage of consumption, the learned doctors prescribed a leg of mutton to be boiled *secundum artem*, into very strong broth, a quart of which was to be taken at proper intervals. What might have been its success is not related, as the patient died before the first dose was gotten down. As bone-setters they were remarkably skilful, and perhaps to their real merit in this, and the cheapness of their medicines, they were indebted for their great local fame." So far Hone.

Jefferson, in his "Book about Doctors," published in 1860, gives the following characteristic sketch:—"Empirics as the Taylors were, they attended people of the first importance. The elder Taylor was called to London to attend Thurlow, Bishop of Durham, brother of Lord Chancellor Thurlow. The representative men of the London Faculty received him at the bishop's residence. The Whitworth doctor, however, would not commence the consultation till the arrival of John Hunter, the celebrated anatomist. 'I won't say a word till Hunter comes!' roared the Whitworth doctor; 'he's the only man of you who knows anything!' When Hunter arrived, Taylor proceeded to his examination of the bishop's state, and in the course of it he used some ointment which he took from a box. 'What is it made of?' Hunter asked. 'That's not a fair question,' snapped Taylor, turning to the Lord Chancellor, who happened to be present. Addressing the great anatomist, 'No, no, Jack,' cried the bold Whitworth Doctor. 'I'll send you as much as you please, but I won't tell you what it's made of!' Doctor John had two sons who succeeded him, George and James. Howitt says George was married, and Mrs. George acted as the compounder of Doctor John's medicines. The principal remedies used were a diet drink to purify the blood; an active caustic called by the appropriate name of 'Keen,' by which they eradicated cancers; a spirituous liniment, called Whitworth Red-bottle; a black salve; a snuff of wondrous virtues, for the head; and blisters. All these Mrs. George found abundant occupation in preparing, and in the most primitive manner. They used to boil a whole kettle of the ingredients for the black salve; then mop the floor, and fling the salve out upon it while it was wet; after which they cut it into portions and rolled it up into little sticks. They made diet drinks by gallons and pills by the thousand."

Howitt thus describes his visit to Whitworth in 1839, then an insignificant moorland village, now a respectable-sized manufacturing town, like many in the cotton districts of Lancashire:—"When I visited Whitworth old John Taylor was dead, and his son James, and the two sons of George (then dead, too) were the doctors. I remember James as a stout man, in a blue coat, about fifty years of age, having much the appearance of a respectable farrier. I well remember approaching Whitworth from Rochdale. The way lay along a very miry winding road, which it would not have been easy to traverse on foot but for a raised footpath with one single row of flagstones. The country round is of the wildest description; desolate moors and moorland hills, with scattered fields of the most deserted aspect, with banks with a flagstone here and there raised on the top of them, and a few bramble bushes for fences. The poor patients, such as lodged beyond the precincts of the village, were just coming away from the dressing-room; and never did I see such a sight on any other occasion. It appeared to me that the allegory of the 'Mountain of Miseries' was here become a reality, and was pouring out all its evils in a bodily and human shape. A crew of the poorest and most emaciated creatures came hobbling along, some on crutches and some on sticks, with shrunken forms and ghostly countenances, bearing on them all the signs of physical suffering. What rendered their wretched aspect still more wretched was that most of them were clad in that coarse grey cloth in which the parish authorities now generally array paupers." Howitt afterwards visited the doctor's house. "On entering the dressing-room," he says, "a scene still more singular than that without presented itself. (Doctor James, son of the original Doctor John,

as will be seen from what is said above, was at the head of the firm in 1839.) In the village there were at that time more than a hundred patients. In this room there were at least fifty waiting to be dressed or examined. They were all arranged in a row round the room, and in one corner sat James Taylor with his surgical apparatus—such apparatus, as I suppose, was never seen in any other surgery. It was, in plain truth, the old shoeing box of the blacksmith—such as, I presume, most of my readers have seen; an oblong, shallow box, with an iron handle in the shape of a bow, rising over the middle of it to carry it by—the very box, no doubt, which served on many an occasion of shoeing a horse before doctoring became James Taylor's trade. In this box were a few bottles and pots of their invariable remedies—'Keen,' green salve, red bottle, some blisters and plaisters ready spread, a large wooden skewer or two, and some herbs. The patients came in succession before the doctor, and he rapidly examined and dismissed them."

But the original Doctor John and his sons had many titled and even royal patients, as already mentioned. Doctor John was sent for to Cheltenham to attend a duchess, and he cured her ladyship almost off-hand, and after the most eminent doctors of the day had failed. This, Mr. Howitt tells us, raised such an opinion of his skill, that George III., who was then at Cheltenham with his family, afterwards sent for him to attend the Princess Elizabeth, who had a complaint in the head which quite resisted the skill of the royal physicians. Doctor John was again successful, and he cured the princess with some of his famous snuff. Doctor James, in his home at Whitworth, was wont to relate, with great gusto, his father's visit to the Royal Family to prescribe for the Princess Elizabeth. As soon as he (Dr. John) saw the princess, and learnt her symptoms, he ordered her to take his famous snuff. This potent snuff was said to be made from the powdered leaves of the *Assarabacca* (*Asarum Europæum*), which was grown in plenty in the garden at Whitworth. John, having given his order, and delivered the snuff, looked about him, and, seeing the princesses all there, he clapped the Queen (the frugal and snuff-loving Charlotte) familiarly on the back, and said:—"Well, thou art a farrantly [good-looking] woman to be the mother of such a set of straight-backed lasses!" Charlotte took this unusual familiarity with a very good grace, smiling, and replying, "Yes, Mr. Taylor, and I was once as straight-backed a lass as any of them." John had not, however, retired from the presence of royalty very long when he was sent for again in great haste. "Well, and what is the matter now?" asked he on entering. "Oh! the princess is taken with such a continual sneezing that we are quite alarmed." "Is that all?" said John; "then let the girl sneeze; that is the very thing that will do her good." And the princess, we are told, was speedily cured.

Howitt says Doctor John and his sons charged rich and poor alike, and exclaims, "Hear it, O ye doctors!—eighteenpence a week for medicine and attendance!" Many of the poor patients were, however, unable to pay even modest charges, and these he treated gratis, being able to do so by the handsome presents often made him by wealthy and grateful patients. In the surgery at Whitworth, there was a subscription box kept to help such of the poor as could not support themselves while under treatment and staying in the village, and many such came from a great distance. When Doctor John heard of any cases of great need, he was wont to carry round the box himself amongst the most affluent of his patients awaiting their turn, and also contributed liberally himself. Under these circumstances, and owing to the remarkable and authentic "perfect cures" effected, it is not strange that the eccentric practitioner had hosts of patients from all parts of the country. That Doctor John effected many extraordinary cures is certain. A lady well known to William Howitt was suffering from a disease—cancer in the breast—which had been pronounced incurable by the ablest physicians of the day. Though living a hundred miles from Whitworth, she resolved, as a last resource, to go to Doctor John. When the latter examined the breast, he looked at her and said, in his Lancashire vernacular, "What art thou come here for, woman?"

The lady, who was a woman of courage, replied, "To be cured, to be sure." "Cured!" rejoined John, in a stern voice, "not all the doctors in England can cure thee; thou may go home again and dee!" "I tell you, John Taylor," replied the lady, "I shall do no such thing. I am come here to see whether you are as much cleverer than other men as you are represented. Try your hand, John Taylor, on me. You think I am afraid of being hurt, but you are mistaken; I can bear what you can inflict; and I say, try you hand—let it be kill or cure. I can but die at last." "Thou art a brave lass," replied Doctor John, in evident surprise; "then I will try, and God prosper us both!" Howitt thus gives the result of this desperate case:—"The lady remained there six months, and during that period she suffered as much as it is perhaps possible for a human creature to bear; but she came home a sound woman, and lived thirty years afterwards. I have often sat, when a boy, and heard her tell what passed at Whitworth."

Doctor John's sons and grandsons seem to have inherited much of the skill, and some of the eccentricities, of the original Whitworth Doctor. When Howitt visited Whitworth in 1839, Doctor John and his eldest son George were then dead, and the business was carried on by the second son—James, then about fifty years of age, and his two nephews, sons of the deceased George. Howitt thus describes a "heroic" operation of George the younger:—"The young George was one who took the department of bone-setting, and he went all round the country, often to great distances, for that purpose. He had a capital horse, and rode anywhere to set a bone, at the simple charge of one shilling a mile, operation included! A gentleman who had been there some time told me that he saw this George have the arm of a strong man strapped to the iron palisades on the garden wall, and two strong fellows pulling at the man, while he himself took a run-jump and struck the man on the arm in order to break again an ill-set fracture, which was, however, too firmly knit to give way to any gentle means; and that, fearful as the operation appeared, the man's arm was soon reset and did well." Of the other nephew, Howitt has also a story to tell:—"To complete the picture of this singular place (Whitworth), we must see, while these things are going on, numbers of patients walking about, having all the appearance of violent colds in their heads, the effect of taking the head-snuff; now and then a horse coming up to be doctored, which the doctor would walk out to, leaving all his 'humans' to wait his return within. The younger James, however, appeared, whilst I was there, to take the horse department. I saw him order a horse to be put in the stocks one morning, with his head fixed fast aloft, and, coming out of the house with a red-hot iron, he bored, very deliberately, five or six holes with it under the horse's jaws, and as coolly then said:—"Take him away, and keep him from any other horses; the disease is contagious, and he'll never be any better." "If he will never be any better," I asked, "why put the poor creature to that torment?" "Ah," said James, "but how did I know that till I had tried how far the disease had gone."

Here is a piquant sketch of the appearance and occupation of this Doctor James the Second when "at home," and with it may fitly conclude these anecdotes of the famous Whitworth Doctors, though the budget is by no means exhausted:—"This James," says Mr. Howitt, "might often be seen walking about before the house, with an old hat slung before him by a cord over his shoulders. In this hat he had a large lump of some compound, which he worked into pills as he went about. The hat was fairly saturated through and through with the drug, and appeared to have been used for that purpose for years. When he had made a hat full of pills, he went again and commenced his walk and his pill-making. These curious, primitive people by this time were become very wealthy, the place, and a great deal of land round it, belonging to them. They kept a pack of hounds, and were very fond of hunting; and often would the doctor leave the dressing-room without a word, mount his horse, and be off after the hounds before the patients were aware of his intentions."

The last direct representative of this remarkable family

died some years ago, and the property was sold. The fame of the original John and his sons and grandsons is still fresh in the Whitworth and Rossendale Valleys, and many singular and unpublished stories are yet told of their extraordinary cures and occasional eccentricities.

## The Nestor of the Tobacco Trade.



PORTRAIT and biographical sketch of a venerable townsman of Newcastle-upon-Tyne were printed in a recent number of a trade journal entitled *Tobacco*.

Mr. John Harvey, who may be regarded, says the writer of the sketch, as the Nestor of the Tobacco Trade, entered the family business at the Head of the Side, Newcastle,



over seventy years ago, and he has continued to direct it ever since. He is now in his eighty-eighth year; yet till a few months ago he was as hale and hearty as he had ever been in his life.

Besides his intimate association with the tobacco trade, Mr. Harvey was for a long period connected with the South Durham Hunt, being master for some years. On his retirement, nine or ten years ago, he was presented by the Marquis of Londonderry, on behalf of the members of the hunt, with a large oil portrait and a piece of plate.

With reference to the foundation of his firm, Mr. Harvey lately wrote a friend:—"My deeds and old letters show that John Harvey began business in 1762, in premises just opposite the Collingwood property. He died about seven years afterwards, and his widow carried it on till 1783 in the first premises, when she bought the



Collingwood premises." The founder of the business was the grandfather of the present head of the firm.

The following is a copy of an advertisement which appeared in a Newcastle newspaper on February 10, 1762:—

**JOHN HARVEY, Tobaccoist,** at the sign of the **BLACK BOY, Head of the Side, Newcastle-upon-Tyne,** takes this method to acquaint the public that he has just opened shop, and manufactures and sells all sorts of cut Tobacco, Bright Roll, and Pigtail of all kinds; together with all sorts of Scots and Rappes Snuffs, upon the very lowest terms. WHOLESALE & RETAIL. Proper allowance made to all shopkeepers, or dealers, who take quantities, &c.

It was in the "Collingwood property," which was bought by the widow of the first John Harvey, that Admiral Lord Collingwood first saw the light. A tablet erected by Mr. Harvey on the front of the house records the interesting fact.

### Thomas Eyre Macklin, Artist.

**A**MONGST the exhibitors at the Royal Academy this year is Mr. Thomas Eyre Macklin, son of Lieut. John Eyre Macklin, of Newcastle-on-

Tyne. It is some seven years since he left the district to reside in London for the purpose of prosecuting his art studies. Born in Newcastle-upon-Tyne some eight-and-twenty years ago, young Macklin showed from childhood a remarkable aptitude for drawing. His father encouraged him in every way, and at the early age of ten he placed him under Mr. W. C. Way, the local art-



MR. THOMAS EYRE MACKLIN.

master. His progress was eminently satisfactory, and he secured a number of prizes, on one occasion gaining the first four prizes of the year. Mr. Macklin spent two or three years in studying the antique at the British Museum and at Mr. Calderon's art schools at St. John's Wood. Admission to the Royal Academy he gained some four years ago. A short time ago Mr. Macklin won a silver medal for a painting done under certain conditions. A couple of years ago he exhibited a portrait of a lady at the Royal Academy exhibition, and this year has been also successful in having hung upon the walls the only picture he sent. Since his residence in the metropolis Mr. Macklin has

executed several important commissions. He painted the portraits of the principal members of the Kimserly family, of Leighton Hall, Shropshire; more recently he has been putting the finishing touches to a portrait of his father; and he has just completed a large presentation portrait of Colonel Capel Cure, of Badger Hall, Shropshire.

### Reminiscences of Billy Purvis.

**F**ROM time to time during the last twenty years, readers of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* have had their memories refreshed regarding the celebrated "clown and jester of the North," Billy Purvis. The general story of Billy's career has already been told in these pages. But we may now supplement that story with the narrative of one of his daughters, as well as with some recollections by Mr. C. H. Stephenson, who was a member of Purvis's company. It should be explained that the interview with Catherine Purvis took place in 1886 in St. Andrew's Court, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, where she and her sister Bell then resided, and that the record was printed in the *Weekly Chronicle* at the time.

#### His Daughter's Narrative.

"Well sir," said Catherine, "thor's been a lot o' lees i' the papers aboot Billy. They're aall wrang, aa tell ye."

"Let us begin at the beginning, then," said I. "You are the second surviving daughter, I believe?"

"Yes, aa am, sor. Ma sister Bell was the ouldest o' ten, and she's seventy-five. Aa'm the youngest, and aa'm fifty-seven. Thor wor two married, and aa was yen o' them; but aa'm still called Miss Purvis. Aa've come from Stockton, whor aa've been livin' for the last ten or eleven years."

Catherine spoke in the full brogue of "canny Newcastle," of which it is impossible, for me at least, to give a literal representation.

"Billy"—Catherine, carried away with the interest of her narrative, frequently gave her father his proper name—"Billy was born, aa've hard him say, at Auchindinny, near Edinburgh, an' he came to Newcastle when he was a baby. He lived i' the Close, and we'd that hoose, of course, till ma mother was carried to the Jesus Hospital. Aa mind it was i' the papers aboot me followin' the remains to the cemetery."

"Well, do you know much about Billy's journeys?"

"Oh! sartinlies. We'd a proper travellin' company o' thorty people—a reg'lar travellin' booth wiv a canvas top. Our companies stayed wiv us years an' years, an' never left us."

Catherine evidently intended to have her own way of telling the story, and, after several vain attempts to lead

the conversation, I was, therefore, obliged to become merely a listener.

"Yes, oors was a proper good company," she continued, "a reg'lar theatrical lot, playin' Hamlet, Othello, an' aall Shakespeare's plays. We used to be stationed in Hartlepool for six months, and we went te Shields, Sunderland, Blyth, Bedlin'ton, an' aall doon by that part. We used to go to Sunderland for the Fair, as it happened in October. We stayed for the season in Hartlepool till Easter came on. My father was goin' to be licensed for the theatre in Hartlepool, but he died, ye knaa."

"I suppose he was a great favourite on the stage?"

"That he was, noo! He was liked for his dancin', an' singin', an' conjurin', and aall kind o' things. He was varry fond o' them, an' he cud de onny mortal thing! Then," continued Catherine, "he was in the Northumberland Volunteers. Wasn't ma father drummer in the Northumberland Volunteers?" she repeated, addressing her sister Bell. There was no response.

"Ay, poor thing," said Catherine, "she's varry deaf. Well, ma father was drummer-boy, and then he had the big drum. He cud play either the fiddle or the Northumberland pipes. He used to go to Alnwick Castle—he was sent for—to play the pipes before yen o' the aad dukes."

"But when did he go on to the stage?"

"Well, ye'll get that in his 'Life,'" alluding to the autobiography which was published by the late J. P. Robson in 1849; "but he was varry young, and when he made his first appearance he played in 'Young Norval.' Aa mind fine o' hearin' that when he was sayin'—

My name is Norval,  
On the Grampian Hills—

a fellow he kenned i' the pit shooted oot, 'Na, na, Billy, ye tell a lee; yor faither an' mother sells apples an' peers in Denton Chare!' Billy ran clean off the stage an' spoilt the piece."

Here Catherine indulged in a hearty laugh at the recollection of her father's theatrical debut.

"But before he took to the stage regularly had he any other occupation?"

"Oh! yes," replied Catherine. "He was a carpenter to trade. He was a dancing master as weel, an' had a school i' the Yaller Doors i' the Close, so aa've hard them say. Ye had a picture o' the Yaller Doors i' the *Weekly Chronicle* a little bit since."

"He made a lot of money, I believe?"

"Ay, that he did; but he was so generous he would gi'e away nearly everything he had. We waddent ha' been as we are noo if he hadn't been so free. Aall that aa'm anxious for noo is te get some honest wark, cleanin' offices or the likes, that aa may keep these poor things," pointing, as she spoke, to the tea-table. "Luik at the money ma father used to gi'e away te the Infirmary at Newcastle. He nivvor was happy unless he was givin' benefits for the poor foaks. A footman once came te

me," Catherine proceeded, "an' he says, 'Miss Porvia, aa've got somethin' te say about yor father.' 'Well,' says aa, 'it's nothing wrang—nobody can say anythin' against Billy Porvia.' 'No,' says the footman, 'but when aa wes at a hoose aa wes expectin' a tip, as it were, from the gentlemen. One gentleman passed, an' another passed, until oot came Billy Porvia. "Here, ma man," said he, emptying his troosers pockets, "that's aall the coppers aa ha'e." It wes varry like him that."

"I have heard that your mother was opposed to Billy's stage career: is that so?"

"Yes, that's aall true. Ma mother was aall against the profession; she waddent travel wiv him for a lang time—many years—an' he didn't knaa hoo to keep money. But he was liked by everybody."

"When did your mother travel with the company?"

"Oh! we aall went into Scotland in 1840. Aa wes only ten yors aad then. Ma mother used to be in such a way about ma father being in the profession. Her family were varry religious people, an' went to Torner's chapel in Hanover Square. Ma father was a varry good livin' man. When he returned from the theatre he made it a practice to have family worship, and we always had grace at meal times. We had a seat in St. Nicholas's, and went to chorch reg'lar. We were aall christened in St. Nicholas's. Ma father spent his Sundays in reading his Bible. He waddent let us bide oot onny neet after nine o'clock, wivoot it was the theatre, and he waddent let us go onnywhere wivoot first askin' his consent."

"Was Billy ever drunk?" said I, referring to a statement which had appeared.

"No, that he wasn't—but yence! He used to be aall against drink, an' never took anything but peppermint an' whisky, an' peppermint an' water. He wes drunk yence, an' that was when he got his silver snuff-box. Aall tell ye the story," and here Catherine settled herself to recount it with gusto. "Well, we were doin' a tremendous business in Cook's Circus in Dundee, an' the company thought they would make him a present. Se they sent the stage manager to him. 'Well, Purvia,' he said, "I want to speak to you privately. You are doing a first-class business, and the company want their salaries raised.' Of course, ma father," said Catherine, "got into an awful passion, and said they would get no rise from him. 'Well,' said the manager, 'you will have to meet them to-night at the Castle Inn, Castle Street.' Mr. Sims, a great acquaintance of ma father's, was there. He was a trader from Newcastle Quay. Well, ma father was a varry strong speaker when he liked, an' he told them a varry plain story. After that, an' the company had enjoyed the joke, poor Tom Matthews presented ma father—'William Purvia, Esquire'—with the silver snuff-box in the name of the company of the Victoria Theatre. Ma mother," Catherine added regretfully, "had te pairt wiv it after he died. Then thor was a supper, and after they had

enjoyed theirsels they hoisted Billy into an arm-chair an' carried him home singing, 'For he's a jolly good fellow.' He was mortal!"

"What is that story about your mother finding Billy on the stage?"

"Oh! he would go on to Newcastle Moor, and what should happen but ma mother went wiv two young ladies from Berwick. They went on to the race-course, an' one o' the ladies said, 'Yonder's Mr. Purvis!' And there he was on the stage, dressed as a clown. Ma mother took varry bad, and she was led away hyem. When he came hyem that night, she said to him, 'Billy, where ha' ye been?' Ma father put his hand into his pocket, and gave her a guinea, his day's pay. 'Aa'm not goin' to have any devil's money,' said mother, as she tossed the guinea under the bars."

"I suppose he was very ingenious—he could make a lot of things for the stage?"

"Ay, he was a man for cuttin' oot figures. He used to make them all to wark himself, moving them with black silk. In fact," she repeated, "he could de onny mortal thing!"

"What do you remember of his death?"

"Oh! aa mind weel. It was nine o'clock on a Friday night, when aa was at the theatre, an' of course we dismissed the house. That was at Hartlepool. He died three months after his favourite girl—he took to heart about her. As he couldn't be barried in the Ballast Hills opposite his father an' mother, he used to say, 'I'll go to Hartlepool, and where the tree falls there let it lie.' On the day of his funeral, the ships wor half-mast, and the shutturs wor up for him. Ye nivor saa sic a funeral as he had."

"Have you no relic of Billy?"

"Nothin', nothin', but this." And Catherine took from a drawer a battered and dingy little photo-frame, having a newspaper cutting, stained and dirty, pasted within.

This was what I read:—

"Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

Here lies  
WILLIAM PURVIS,  
better known as Billy Purvis,  
Clown and Jester of the North,  
who departed this life the 16th Dec., 1853,  
Aged 70 years.

"Where be your gibes now? Your gambols?  
Not one now—quite chap-fallen."

This stone was erected by J. G. Sangers,  
circus proprietor, May, 1860, to mark the last  
resting-place of him who was always a friend  
of the fatherless, the widow, and the dis-  
tressed.

*Requiescat in pace.*

So closed my interview with the daughter of Billy Purvis.

### Mr. Stephenson's Recollections.

What's that you say—pen, ink, and paper? Well, there you are, now get to work.

Get to work!

Well, you know you promised to tell us something about the wonderful Billy Purvis, so let us have it without any more fuss.

Now, what interest can you possibly take in the sayings or doings of a man who has been lying with the dead thirty-six years?

Because we have heard our fathers and mothers talk so much about him and his clever actors—Tom Matthews, Ned Corvan, Billy Thompson, and others.

Well, he certainly was a dear, big-hearted, comical old man; and if he were alive now I am certain all the members of the D.B.S. would love him; ay, and he would have loved them—Father Chirpie and Uncle Toby into the bargain.

Why, was he so very fond of dumb animals and children?

Eh! my word, but he was that. I can remember him once picking up a "bit bairn"—about two and a half years old—that had strayed from its "calf-yard," and just ready to "blair" its "bonny blinkers" because it could not find its way "hyem" again, or tell its "aan nyem." To keep it quiet Billy "bowt claggum" for "the poor bairn" to suck at, while he wandered up one chare and down another, asking every woman he met if the "bit laddie" was hers. Unsuccessful in his efforts to discover the parents of the child, Billy handed it over to the "pollis at the kitty," together with "a pund o' brandy snaps or scranshem" to keep it in good humour until it was claimed.

And Purvis was really funny as a clown, eh?

The word "funny" scarcely conveys the richness of his humour. To begin with, his dress was different from all then and now worn by clowns, alike in fashion, cut, and material. The shape? Well, it was not unlike the present knickerbockers and vest in one—very baggy from just above the knees up to the hips. A loose "fly," or sleeveless jacket, rather short, fell over the shoulders; the sleeves, of white calico or cambric, were large and puffed; a big white square-cut lay over the collar. A white skull-cap, with a red comb running from the nape of the neck to the crown of his head, cream-coloured stockings, with narrow crimson rings and buff shoes and red rosettes, completed Billy's dress.

The material? Well, that is not so easily described. The groundwork was a rich, chocolate coloured serge or flannel, on which was laid strips of yellow braid or serge, running cork-screw fashion from the inside of the thighs and upwards round the front of the figure and meeting at

the back. Between each strip were rows of small red tufts of worsted that dangled like so many diminutive tennis-balls.

No, he did not smother his face with whitewash and geometrical figures in vermillion. He used just a patch of red on each cheek, one in the centre of forehead and chin, none much larger than a shilling. For an elderly man he was a very nimble dancer. He had a good leg, and a natty, well-shaped foot, of which he was not a little proud. Unlike most clowns, Purvis trusted rather to the force of his natural humour than to the aid of astonishing leaps, feats of strength, or the contortions of an acrobat. Stilt-dancing and barrel-rolling were left to the funambulist of the circus.

Billy's favourite pantomime was "The House that Jack Built," in which he usually played his famous, "ever-to-be-remembered stealing-the-bundle scene"—a piece of foolery that defies description—Tom Matthews being left in possession of the rest, with Harry Wadforth, his sister, and Emma Atkinson for harlequin, harlequina, and columbine. The production, full of uproarious fun, was never overlaid with showy dresses, gaudy banners, or the gorgeous effects of dazzling scenery, or the adjuncts of



BILLY PURVIS.

processions of armour-clad ballet-dancers, such as pervade the pantomimes of to-day.

Crack, the cobbler, in the "Turnpike Gate," was a very favourite character with Billy, and was generally reserved for his benefit or a grand bespeak night.

The comic scenes in Billy Purvis's fantoccini show, his own invention, were always very smart. One, I remember, was unusually so. It was called "Pantaloon's Picture Gallery." Most of the figures were full length, which on being approached became animated. A description of two or three will give you an idea of all the rest. A Dutch broom girl, over whose lips the clown used to

draw the tips of his fingers, then pretending to kiss and lick them with gusto, at which she dropped a curtsy. A falconer, with bird perched on raised left hand, the right one grasping a stick. Clown teases the bird, which snapped his finger and held him tight, while the figure raised its arm and belaboured him with the stick. The centre of the scene was occupied with a colossal head of the Mogul, with arms folded across the chest. Clown and pantaloons arrange to have breakfast, but the viands disappear down the Mogul's throat as fast as they are placed on the table. This led to great confusion, ending with the Mogul seizing the Buttons, or page boy, and swallowing him head first. Clown, in his fright, bobbed against a full-length brigand, who raised his gun and fired, and so ended the scene.

I will attempt to describe another funny scene. The banks of a river, with cottage, donkey, stable, etc. A woman busy washing clothes, at which she is disturbed by clown and pantaloons; the rogues eventually determine to have a sail. They launched a large circular washing-tub (generally a brewer's mash-tub); they then purloined the clothes-line, a house broom for a mast, and a—well, a lady's undergarment for a sail, with a pair of bellows to blow a fair wind. The great fun was as they sailed away their craft whirled round and round, the new method of circular sailing being accompanied by the braying of the donkey over the half-door of his stable, the barking of the dog Hector in his kennel, from the top of which crows "the cock that crow'd i' the morn, that waked the priest, all shaven and shorn," etc. This last series of tricks was, I believe, the invention of Purvis himself. At all events the mechanical arrangement was very clever and caused roars of laughter, as did also some of his hand-tricks, used in front scenes, such as a flute and sheet of music changing into a gridiron and large mutton-chop, while the pandean-pipes turned into a huge padlock grasping the jaws of the player.

Oh, yes! he was an excellent performer on the union pipes, and a very dexterous manipulator of fantoccini figures, to say nothing of his skill in the art of legerdemain. Purvis, as a caterer for public amusement, was always looked up to as a most deserving, honourable, and worthy person, beloved by those in his employ, and received by the public with enthusiasm wherever he appeared.

During the early part of 1848, two amateur gentlemen belonging to Hartlepool bothered Billy to let them play Grindoff and Lothair in the melodrama of "The Miller and his Men." One was a shoemaker, and the other, I think, was a shipwright. At all events, the night being fixed, the drama was put into rehearsal, and, as results proved, the partisans of these aspiring histrions mustered in goodly numbers to decide the contest.

The drama proceeded with varying emotions, interrupted now and again with ejaculations of "Well done, Lothair!" "At him again, Grindoff," and cautions from



Billy to the audience, such as "Had yor tongue! we want nyen o' yor jokes or jibes here!" or, pointing to his wife by his side, "Lucka, Geordie, mysel' an' ma sweet composed canna' hear nowt for yor row: se shoot oop, or by gox aa'll huff some on ye wiv a whap o' the heed; bud aa'll be varry sorry ef aa hev te de owt o' the kind." "Sarve 'em reet, Billy!" "What are ye gan te hev?" shouted two or three voices. Through this and similar badinage the rival amateurs acted against each other with wonderful vigour until the last scene was reached, when the mill has to be destroyed by an explosion. Up to this point the tempers of the two tragedians had been held in something like subjection by their surroundings, but their jealousy culminated when Purvis declared that "yen acted as well as the other, and much better." At this the miller blew up his own mill before the proper time, and then sturdily refused to remain on the stage to be killed by the shoemaker. Before anyone could realise this *cruz*, the cobbler, disappointed of his explosion, and having no rival to kill, threw one leg over the river bank set-piece, stretched his arm across the stream, tore down a small working mill fastened to the edge of a painted rock-piece—supposed to be, at least, a quarter of a mile away—rushed down to the footlights, threw the profile toy to the ground, and, placing his foot on it, exclaimed in triumph, "Noo aa's re-venge!" As the curtain descended amidst peals of laughter, Billy—shaking his fist at the destroyer of his property—shouted out, "Oh, you villain! aa'll marcyree ye!" By the time Billy got behind the scenes the offender had, with the help of Ned Corvan and others, made good his escape. Tom Matthews mollified the irate manager, apologised to the audience for the *contr-temps*, and Purvis finished the night's fun with his inimitable scene of "Stealing the Bundle."

The way Billy stole the bundle was something after this fashion:—The scene was a nice country view, with a cottage on the right hand of the stage. A plough-boy (generally Tom Matthews) comes from the opposite side, peeps through the window, expresses in pantomimic action he sees his sweetheart inside. Placing the bundle he carries by the door, he claps his hands together three times as a signal for his lady-love to come out. She does so;

then pantomimic love-making; and then they enter the cottage. Enter Billy, the clown, dancing round the stage until his toes kick the bundle left by the plough-boy. He looks at it, then glances alyly around to make sure he



is not observed, picks it up, says "By gox! it's a bundle!" and begins to undo knots with his teeth. P.-B. opens cottage door; they look at each other; Billy drops the bundle, whistles, and with a shuffling step dances off. P.-B. watches him, then indicates his doubts as to the clown's honesty, and determines to watch him. Billy returns cautiously; in a loud whisper exclaims "By gox! it's there yet; aa mun ha' it!"—wags his finger, and whistles to the bundle as if to a dog he wanted to entice. Just as he reaches the door it is opened suddenly, and the P.-B. deals him a blow on the mouth, at which Billy stammers out, "Da—da—da—am the man! Wha—wha—wha—t did ye do that for?" then sneaks off, holding his hand to his mouth. When the stage is clear, he returns, says, "By gox, the beggar is there yet; aa mun ha' it this time," dances cautiously round in the opposite direction to his former movements, succeeds in kicking the bundle away, then calls out, "Stop, thief!" P.-B. runs on, misses the bundle. Billy points off, shouting, "Stop, thief! stop, thief!" P.-B. runs off one side, Billy picks up the bundle, and runs off the other, saying, "By gox, some gentleman has lost his bundle, and another gentleman has fund it!"

C. H. STEPHENSON.

### Notes and Commentaries.

#### JAMES CROSBIE HUNTER.

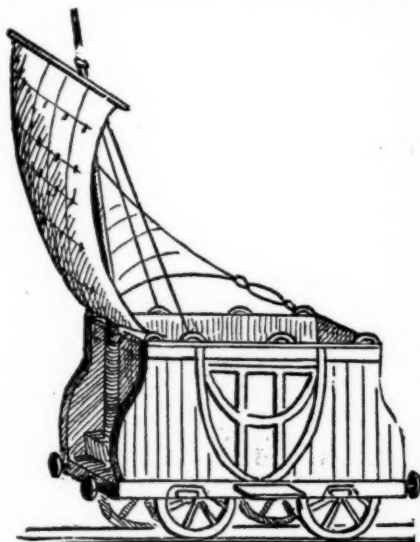
The date mentioned on page 346 as that of the commencement of Mr. Hunter's career as a showman is an error. It should have been 1845, not 1843. Mr. Hugh R. Roddam, writing to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* in July, 1891, says he became acquainted with Mr. Hunter under the following circumstances:—"A news-room was established in Tyne Street, North Shields, about 1845 or 1846. The entrance was opposite to the end of Stephenson Street, down a few steps; the room was a fair-sized one, and had a bay window looking on to the Tyne, and very pleasant it was to sit and look out on to the river on a fine summer's evening. Discussions took place on various political topics, and on papers prepared by the members. Amongst the individuals who took part in the debate were James C. Hunter, Thomas Farmer, and John Rennison, son of the late Mr. John Rennison, tobacco manufacturer. Hunter was always to the fore in these discussions. At that time he was thought to be a Chartist. I think he was a mason to trade."

EDITOR.

#### SAILING COACHES.

Sails as a means of propulsion were some forty or fifty years ago applied to railway carriages. As far as I can fix the date, it would be in the year 1845 or 1846. The contrivance was due to an ingenious old sailor called Joseph Taylor, who had abandoned the dangers of our Northern seas for the safer paths of busi-

ness. He kept a provision shop at the extreme west end of Commercial Street, Middlesbrough, just opposite the old coal staiths which did duty before the construction of the dock, and close to the little shed which at that time served as the railway station. In those early days of railway enterprise there were no Sunday trains, and Mr. Taylor, who was a member of the Society of Friends, used regularly every Sunday morning to harness a horse to one of the railway carriages, and with his family drive up the line to South Stockton to attend his place of worship. The railway carriage of that date was a much less ponderous affair than it is at present, but I rather think the one Mr. Taylor used was of an even earlier type. The distance between Middlesbrough and South Stock-



ton would be about four miles. The line was level and nearly straight, and there were no over bridges or other obstructions on the section. So, when there was sufficient wind, and the direction served for the double journey, Mr. Taylor on several occasions provided the carriage with a mast and lug sail, and so made the journey without the aid of horseflesh. On more than one occasion on Sunday mornings, from the high ground at Mandale Bank which overlooks the present Stockton racecourse from the south, I have watched this curious ship upon land bowling merrily along and making a good eight knots an hour.

MANDALE MILL, Newcastle.

#### THE LEE PENNY: A CHARM STONE.

When the Aryan or Indo-European races of mankind spread their mighty waves of people over Europe, they carried with them a multitude of beliefs and customs which for hundreds of years have existed, as Kelley says, "in Greece and in Scandinavia, in the Scottish Highlands, the Forests of Bohemia, and the Steppes of Russia,

on the banks of the Shannon, the Rhine, and the Ganges." This lore of the people has practically remained unchanged since the Aryans occupied Europe and settled, in addition to other places, in the British Isles. Amongst this immense wealth of folk-lore that of attributing supernatural powers to certain mysterious stones or pebbles and other articles was very common amongst the people of the secluded dales and uplands of the North of England and North Britain.

Perhaps few charm stones have gained such a popularity as the celebrated Lee Penny. This stone is described as of a dark red colour, triangular in shape, and its size about half an inch each side. It is supposed to have been in the possession of the family of Lockhart of Lee since the year 1329, when Sir Simon Lockhart accompanied Sir James Douglas in his expedition to the Holy Land with the heart of King Robert the Bruce. The story goes that, in the course of the journey to Palestine, Sir Simon took prisoner a Saracen chief, for whose ransom the chief's wife offered a large sum of money. During the transaction of paying the ransom, which was large, a considerable amount of time was taken up in counting the money. In the course of the process the lady dropped a gem, evidently of great value, as it was anxiously picked up and carefully returned to her purse. This aroused the curiosity of the knight, who, on making inquiries, was informed of its virtues. He then refused to give up the chief unless the gem was added to the ransom-money. With great reluctance the chief's wife complied, and this important talisman became the property of the Lee family. The gem on being brought home appears to have been at some time set in a silver coin, described in the year 1645 as being much defaced, but evidently a shilling of Edward I., the cross peculiar to these shillings being very plain. Napier, however, writing in 1879, states in his book on folk-lore that this famous charm is a stone set in gold, that it cannot be lost, and that it is still in the Lee family.

When the plague broke out in Newcastle in 1645, it is recorded by Sykes that the inhabitants sent for the Lee Penny, gave a bond for a large sum in trust for the loan, and thought it did so much good that they offered to pay the money and keep the charm. A copy of the bond is said to be among the papers of the Lee family. At this time, its virtues are recorded thus:—"It cures all diseases in men and cattle, and the bite of a mad dog both in man and beast. It is used by dipping the stone in water, which is given to the diseased cattle to drink and the person who has been bit, and the wound or part affected is washed with the water. Many cures are said to have been performed by it; and the people came from all parts of Scotland, and even as far up in England as Yorkshire, to get the water in which the stone had been dipped." During the seventeenth century, we are informed in Rogers's interesting volume, "Scotland, Social and Domestic," that the

superstitious use of the Lee Penny was so common that it came before the Presbytery of Lanark for consideration under the Superior Judicatory.

The Lee Penny must have been held in great repute for over five centuries. In the eighteenth century, or a little over one hundred years ago, it is on record that Lady Baird, of Saughton Hall, having been bitten by a mad dog, a messenger was despatched to Lee Castle for the far-famed charm stone, and her ladyship, having drunk of the water in which the marvellous gem had been dipped, was supposed to have been cured, as no symptoms of hydrophobia were developed. Then a recent writer on folk-lore says that many people from various parts of Scotland whose cattle were affected have made application within these few years for water in which the stone has been dipped.

W. M. EGGLESTONE, Stanhope.

#### THE BATTLE-FIELD, NEWCASTLE.

This name is stated to be of comparatively recent origin. Originally known as St. Anne's Close, it became, about forty-two years ago, a place famous for dog-fights, and was popularly called "The Battle Field" in consequence. The Ordnance Survey adopted the popular title, and the name thus became stereotyped. At a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, in January, 1861, Mr. Henry Turner complained of the looseness with which the survey was being completed. He especially instanced this "Battle-Field" as a name which had originated only a dozen years before.

RICHARD OLIVER HESLOP, Corbridge-on-Tyne.

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### North-Country Wit & Humour.

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#### BULLION AND BOULLON.

Passing a well-known lead works on the Tyne, one workman said to another, "Aa suppose lots of bullion comes oot of this place." "Noa," was the reply, "aa divvent think se. Aa've nivvor seed onny deed horses gan in!"

#### THE DRILL INSTRUCTOR.

A pitman who was being drilled by the drill-sergeant of a regiment of militia was told to turn to the right. He did so, but at once received the command, "Left turn." "Hoots, man," said Geordy, "ye divvent knaa yor aan mind two minutes!"

#### RAW RADISHES.

A tipsy pitman entered a fruiterer's shop in South Shields one Saturday morning "Ha'porth of radish, please," said he. Having been served, he asked, "Hev ye onny salt?" No," replied the shopkeeper. "Then," said the pitman, "aa'll eat 'em ras!"

#### A DEFINITION.

A school teacher in Newcastle was recently asking questions of a class of small boys, one of them being the

inquiry what was the meaning or definition of the word "free." "Aa knaa," shouted one youngster, holding up his hand—"it means when ye get intiv a treat for nowt!"

#### A LIBERAL GIVER.

During a conversation on the subject of systematic beneficence, the wife of a leading Newcastle Methodist remarked that her husband faithfully and religiously devoted a tenth part of his income to religious purposes. "Oh," said another lady of the party, "wor John gives far mair nor that; he gives a twentieth!"

#### THE PORTER POKEMAN AND THE FRENCHMAN.

A porter pokeman, who had carried a bag from Quayaside to Central Station for a Frenchman: "Aa want tve bob; aa's not gannin' te bring yor bag aall that way for yen an' a tannor." The Frenchman spread out his hands, shrugged his shoulders, and remarked:—"Outré!" "Ay," was the pokeman's disgusted remark, "thet's the oney way ye confounded Frenchmen can taak—wi' yor hands!"

#### THE FORGOTTEN NAME.

A short time ago a woman with a baby in her arms and a girl of a dozen summers at her side, entered a local registrar's office. The public officer at once guessed her mission, so he asked, "Birth or death?" "It's a borth, canny man," replied the mother, "but aa's that flustored that aa've forgotten the nyem." Then, turning to her daughter, she said, "Janey, what is't we're gan to caall wor Liza—oh, aa hev hor noo, it's Liza!"

#### THE DREDGER.

A miner, who was taking a sail down the Tyne a few years ago, was surprised at seeing for the first time in his life a dredger at work. After putting a lot of questions concerning it to a gentleman who stood by, he at last asked, "Hoo much dis the cheps get that wark thor?" "I am not certain," was the reply, "but I think about twenty-seven shillings per week." "But, marra," said the other, "them 'at's doon belaw filling, they'll surely get mair!"

#### GRAVY WITHOUT MEAT.

A public dinner was recently held at a place not fifty miles from Tynemouth. The first course was, as usual, soup, and a limited quantity of the liquid was placed before one of the guests. He had displayed some little impatience for something to eat, but when he showed no signs of commencing with his soup, a friend hinted that he should make a start before it became cold. "Man," he replied, "it's ne use; heor's gravy wivoot meat; aa's waiting for ma beef an' tetties!"

#### SNUFF COLOUR.

A pitman went into the shop of a Newcastle tailor and said to the attendant:—"Aa want a suit of claes—a bonny cullor, noo!" Thereupon he was shown several patterns and lengtha. Taking up a piece of cloth, the knight of the needle held it to the light and exclaimed:—"Heor's a nice bit suiting, an' a good durable snuff colour!" "Mercy on us!" shouted the pitman, "that'll

nivvor da. D'ye think aa want to myek ivvorbody sneeze when they come alangside us?"

## North-Country Obituaries.

On the 11th of June, the death was announced as having taken place in the United States, on the 12th of the previous month, of Mr. John Fulton, formerly Borough Engineer of Newcastle. He was 72 years of age.

On the same day, the death was reported of Mr. Alexander Brown, a promising young journalist belonging to Sunderland, who had died during his passage from Australia for England on the 29th of May.

Mr. John Reed, a well-known local football player, died in Sunderland Infirmary on the 11th of June.

The death was recorded, on the 12th of June, of Mr. Joseph Symm, agricultural implement maker, of Newton, Stocksfield.

Mr. William Henry Benington, Justice of the Peace and ex-Mayor of Stockton, died on the 13th of June.

On the same day occurred the death of Mr. Charles Lilburn, of Glenside, Sunderland. The deceased was the son of Mr. William Lilburn, a Sunderland tradesman, and said to be a descendant of Colonel Lilburn, one of the most famous of Cromwell's officers in the Parliamentary army. Mr. Charles Lilburn was a magistrate of Sunderland, a member of the River Wear Commission, of the River Wear Watch Committee, and of the Board of Guardians.

The death was announced on the 15th of June of Mr. William James Blyth, chemist, of Holmside, Sunderland. The deceased was the publisher of "Blyth's Almanac."

Mr. George C. Barron, who was well known on Tyne-side as a commercial traveller, but more especially as a public entertainer, died at North Shields on the 16th of June. He was 43 years of age.

Mr. John Parker, a well known Team Valley farmer, died at Ouston on the 18th of June.

On the 19th of June, the death was announced as having taken place on the 29th of May, at Port Hope, Ontario, of Mr. William Craig. The deceased served his apprenticeship at Messrs. Arundale's (now R. Pattinson and Son's) Gallowgate Tannery, Newcastle; and in early life he was connected with Tuthill Stairs Baptist Chapel in the same town. He emigrated to Canada in 1843, and for several years he was a member of the Port Hope Town Council, while on three occasions he filled the office of Mayor of that town. Mr. Craig was 72 years of age.

Dr. Broadbent, of Bamburgh, died on the 22nd of June.

Mr. James Outterside, a well known engine driver on the Newcastle and Carlisle branch of the North-Eastern Railway, and for several years a local preacher on the plan of the Hexham Wesleyan Circuit, died on the 23rd of June.

On the 23rd of June, the death was reported of Mr. John Wilson, refreshment-house keeper, Newcastle, and an official of the Primitive Methodist body.

Mrs. Mary Davison died at Brunton Bank, near Wall, Northumberland, on June 24th, at the advanced age of 97.

At the age of 56, Mr. William Lee, formerly of Haydon Bridge, died at Benwell, Newcastle, on the 25th of June. He was well known as a local antiquary, and was the author of an interesting history of the Chapelry of Haydon.



The deceased was also an ardent collector of curios and scraps of local lore, and was a frequent contributor to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*.

Mr. George Storey, who for a period of about twelve years represented the East Central Ward in the Gateshead Town Council, died on the 24th of June, in the 55th year of his age.

On the 29th of June, was announced the death, at the age of 78 years, of Mrs. Gibson, widow of Mr. W. W. Gibson, of Hexham, and mother of Mr. J. P. Gibson, the well-known photographer and antiquary.

The death was reported on the same day of Mr. R. H. Wheatley, butcher and farmer, of Choppington, and a prominent local preacher in connection with the Primitive Methodists.

The death took place on the 29th of June of Mr. Ald. Henry Nelson, J.P., of South Shields. As the head of

the firm of Messrs. Nelson, Donkin, and Co., shipowners, and as partner in several important concerns in the North, he occupied a prominent place in the trade and public life of the district. He had been a member of South Shields Town Council since 1874, and in 1890 he filled the office of Mayor. He was also president of the South Shields Swimming Club. The deceased alderman was 80 years of age.

Mr. Hubert Laws, a leading member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, and who had been identified with the carrying out

of many local projects, died at Ryton on the 30th of June. The deceased gentleman was also an enthusiastic Freemason, and was a brother of the City Engineer of Newcastle.

Mr. William Kell, who had been for about fifty years connected with the Poor-Law service at Gateshead, Blaydon, and Hexham, died on the 1st of July at his residence in Cotfield Street, Bensham, aged 75 years.

On the 3rd of July, the death was announced, in his fiftieth year, of the Rev. Edward H. Smart, M.A., for the last ten years vicar of Kirby-in-Cleveland, Northallerton.

It was reported on the same day that Mr. Thomas Caisley, of St. Kilda, Melbourne, Australia, who was at one time a police inspector at Winlaton, in the county of Durham, had been killed by falling downstairs in a fit of somnambulism on the 19th of May.

Mr. James Runciman, a native of Northumberland and an author of books relating to the North, died at Kingston-on-Thames, on the 4th of July.

The death was announced, at Glasgow, on the 8th of July, of Mr. I. C. Fowler, colliery manager, son of Mr. Thomas Fowler, of Sunderland.

Mr. George Hawdon, one of the most prominent inhabitants of Consett, died on the 10th of July, at the age of 64 years.

## Record of Events.

### North-Country Occurrences.

#### JUNE.

11.—Professor Sumerville, of the Durham College of Science, delivered at Haltwhistle the first of a series of county lectures on "Technical Education in Relation to Agriculture."

—The Tyne Steam Shipping Company's new steamer *Londoner* arrived at Newcastle Quay on her first return voyage from London. There were between 60 and 70 passengers on board, and the vessel, which was under the command of Captain Cracknell, carried about 700 tons of cargo.

12.—An explosion, followed by a fire, took place at the Tramway Company's stables, Percy Street, Newcastle; and G. Baxendale, engineman, was so seriously injured, that he died shortly afterwards at the Infirmary.

—George White, 23 years of age, fisherman, and William Edmed, 25, engineer, fell overboard from the

steam line-fishing boat *John George*, off the mouth of the Tyne, and were drowned.

13.—A fire occurred in the large paper warehouse, belonging to Sweetapple and Co., Elswick Court, Newcastle. The damage was estimated at £10,000.

—Two men, named Robert Shotton and William Pearson, were killed through an accident in the winding machinery at Edmondsley Colliery, near Durham.

—A married woman named Mary Ann Blake, aged 56, was accidentally run over and killed by a bicycle at Sunderland.

—Sapper J. Bates, a member of the Newcastle Engineer Volunteers, was so severely injured by the bursting of an explosive on the Town Moor that he died in the Infirmary on the following day.

14.—The Bishop of Durham addressed a crowded public meeting against betting and gambling in the Town Hall, Gateshead.

15.—The chief office for parcel post business in Newcastle was transferred from the premises in St. John Street, to the new wing at the head Post Office in Westgate Road.

—Mr. H. Crisp, of White House, Scotawood, caught in



ALD. HENRY NELSON, J.P.



CAPTAIN CRACKNELL

the Tyne a salmon weighing 45 lbs., this being believed to be the largest salmon taken from the river for a great number of years.

16.—In the windows of the publishing office, Westgate Road, there were exhibited two copies of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* and two copies of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, containing articles which had been erased by the press censor officials in Russia.

—It was announced that the Lamperts freehold estate in Northumberland, consisting of 2,520 acres, had been purchased by Colonel C. J. Briggs, J.P., D.L., of Hylton Castle, county Durham.

—Mr. John Daglish was presented with several valuable articles as tokens of esteem on the occasion of his retirement from the management of the Whitburn Coal Company, Mrs. Daglish also being made the recipient of a handsome star composed of diamonds.

18.—A settlement of the dispute in the engineering and plumbing trades at Messrs. Palmer's shipyard, Jarrow, was effected through the intervention of Mr T. Bell, ex-Mayor of Newcastle.

—On this and the following day the Congress of the British Gynaecological Society, an association of surgeons and doctors for the special study of women's ailments, was held in Newcastle.

19.—The following statistics as to populations of the boroughs and Parliamentary divisions of the counties of Northumberland and Durham, as ascertained by the late census, with the comparative returns of 1881, were now published:—

| Parliamentary Divisions & Boroughs. | 1881.             |                | 1891.             |                  |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------|----------------|-------------------|------------------|
|                                     | Inhabited Houses. | Population.    | Inhabited Houses. | Population.      |
| <b>NORTHUMBERLAND.</b>              |                   |                |                   |                  |
| Wansbeck Division .....             | 9,733             | 51,438         | 11,047            | 59,701           |
| Tyneside Division.....              | 7,068             | 49,557         | 9,396             | 69,642           |
| Hexham Division.....                | 10,472            | 53,941         | 10,275            | 51,537           |
| Berwick-on-Tweed Division .....     | 10,585            | 55,839         | 10,105            | 52,442           |
| Borough of Newcastle-on-Tyne ...    | 20,264            | 145,359        | 26,227            | 186,332          |
| Borough of Tynemouth. ....          | 6,244             | 44,118         | 6,328             | 46,267           |
| Borough of Morpeth ....             | 6,242             | 33,459         | 7,273             | 40,133           |
| <b>Total for Northumberland</b>     | <b>70,608</b>     | <b>433,711</b> | <b>80,651</b>     | <b>506,104</b>   |
| <b>DURHAM.</b>                      |                   |                |                   |                  |
| Jarrow Division.....                | 9,350             | 62,795         | 10,808            | 80,532           |
| Houghton-le-Spring Division .....   | 11,479            | 60,776         | 12,886            | 69,235           |
| Chester-le-Street Division .....    | 11,397            | 59,858         | 13,263            | 70,202           |
| North-Western Division .....        | 10,554            | 58,675         | 11,878            | 65,987           |
| Mid Division.....                   | 11,423            | 59,179         | 12,860            | 67,639           |
| South-Eastern Division .....        | 10,699            | 59,329         | 11,593            | 63,830           |
| Bp. Auckland Division .....         | 11,500            | 59,923         | 12,031            | 61,833           |
| Barnard Castle Division .....       | 11,706            | 58,245         | 11,982            | 59,459           |
| Borough of Darlington....           | 6,441             | 34,831         | 7,210             | 38,033           |
| Borough of Durham.....              | 2,468             | 14,932         | 2,793             | 15,287           |
| Borough of Gateshead....            | 9,114             | 65,803         | 10,792            | 85,712           |
| Borough of Hartlepool....           | 8,201             | 46,990         | 10,875            | 64,914           |
| Borough of South Shields .....      | 7,381             | 56,875         | 9,893             | 78,431           |
| Borough of Stockton ...             | 8,102             | 44,605         | 9,493             | 53,258           |
| Borough of Sunderland .....         | 17,330            | 124,760        | 20,249            | 142,097          |
| <b>Total for Durham.....</b>        | <b>147,145</b>    | <b>867,576</b> | <b>168,606</b>    | <b>1,016,449</b> |

20.—It was announced that, through the instrumentality of Mr. William Gray, of Durham, a marble tombstone had been erected over the grave of the late Mr. Alexander Blyth, secretary to the Northumberland and Durham Miners' Permanent Relief Fund, in Gibraltar Cemetery.

—A new charity was instituted at Durham. The will

of the late Mr. Thomas Hutton, of Durham, who was formerly a bookbinder in that city, and who died recently, provides that his personal property shall be realised, and the proceeds invested by the Dean and Chapter of Durham for what shall be known as the Hutton Charity. The income arising from the fund is to be distributed annually on the 8th of July (the date of the testator's birth) in equal shares to the three most deserving poor men and women *bona fide* residents of the village of Shincliffe. None of the recipients is to be under 60 years of age. The recipients, who are to be selected by the rector and churchwardens for the time being of Shincliffe, must have led a sober, steady, and industrious life, and must be members of the Church of England.

—The foundation stone of a new hall for the miners of Usworth Colliery was laid by Mr. W. H. Patterson.

—There was launched from the Low Walker shipyard of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., the *Ruthenia*, a steel twin-screw ship, and one of the largest vessels, if not the largest, ever built on the Tyne.

—The memorial stones of a new Christian Lay Church were laid at Ashington.

—The Northumberland colliery owners intimated that the state of trade did not warrant an increase of 10 per cent. in wages asked for by the men.

21.—Sermons were preached in Rye Hill Baptist Church, Newcastle, by the Rev. Dr. T. Harwood Pattison, formerly pastor of that place of worship, but now professor of Homiletics in Rochester Seminary, U.S.

22.—It was intimated that by her will the late Mrs. Elizabeth Trevelyan, of Tyneholm, East Lothian, had left, among other bequests, £1,000 in trust, to the owner of Wallington estate, Northumberland, and the vicar of Cambo parish, and their respective successors, to found a scholarship for higher education at some university, public school, or other institution, to be called "The Arthur Trevelyan Scholarship," and to be open and tenable for a period not exceeding three years by any boy who has been, or is being, educated at Cambo School, and whose parents have resided in the parish of Cambo for a period of not less than three years preceding the election of such boy to the scholarship.

23.—At a Convocation of the University of Durham, a degree was conferred upon a lady, for the first time in the history of that seat of learning, the recipient of the honour being Miss Ella Bryant, of the Newcastle College of Science. On the same occasion, the honorary degree of D.D. was conferred upon Bishop Sandford and Bishop Tucker. The honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Q.C., and Temporal Chancellor of the County Palatine of Durham.

—On this and the two following days, the tenth annual Temperance Festival was held on the Town Moor, Newcastle. The opening ceremony was performed by Ald. W. D. Stephens, and the Rev. Canon Lloyd, Newcastle, also took part in the proceedings. In addition to the contests and pastimes of previous years, several new features, owing to the increased public subscriptions, were introduced, and the gathering, favoured throughout by delightful weather, was of a most successful character. The street arabs were, as usual, entertained through the exertions of Mr. T. S. Alder. On the 6th of July the prizes were presented to the successful competitors in connexion with the festival by the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. J. Baxter Ellis).

—Camps for the various brigades of local volunteers were established at Morpeth, Whitley, Cullercoats, and Newbiggin-by-the-Sea, and remained occupied for several days.

24.—The Northumberland Plate, in connection with the Newcastle Races at Gosforth Park, was carried off by Queen's Birthday. The winner was sold to Major Joicey for 4,000 guineas.

—The new district church of St. Polycarp, erected in the parish of St. Ignatius the Martyr, Sunderland, was opened by the Right Rev. Bishop Sandford, LL.D.

—The will of Captain Theodore Williams, J.P., of Heatherslaw House, Northumberland, and late of H.M. Body Guard, was proved, the personal estate being valued at £8,431. The bequests included £4,000 to the Governors of the Bounty of Queen Anne, in augmentation of the stipend of the minister of the Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Etal, Ford, Northumberland. The will provided for the further sum of £1,500, if the testator had not given it in his life-time, to the said governors, especially for the purpose of building a parsonage house for the said minister.

—A gentleman named George Leitch, of Heaton, Newcastle, was drowned while bathing in the sea at North Sunderland. On the following day, Harry Colbeck, a young volunteer in camp at Morpeth, was drowned, under similar circumstances, in the River Wansbeck. The deceased also belonged to Heaton.

25.—Mr. R. Oliver was appointed first chairman of the newly-constituted School Board for the district of Chopwell and Spen.

—Lord Hastings entertained the whole of the small tenants on his estate at Seaton Delaval Hall.

25.—On this and the following day was celebrated the jubilee of the Friends' School at Ayton, in North Yorkshire.

26.—A handsomely illuminated address was presented to Mr. William Duncan, senior, upon the occasion of his retirement from the sub-editorial staff of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, after a service of upwards of thirty years. He was also presented with a diamond brooch for Mrs. Duncan. The proceedings took place in the *Chronicle* Office Library, and the presentations were made by Mr. Joseph Cowen on behalf of the proprietors and the members of the literary staff.

—It was ascertained that 1,963 ratepayers had voted for and 985 against the adoption of the Public Libraries Act for West Hartlepool.

—The *London Gazette* published an order in Council sanctioning a scheme for the re-arrangement of the rural deaneries of Auckland and Stanhope, and the discontinuance of the rural deanery of Ryton. Two new rural deaneries were formed, to be called the rural deanery of Gateshead, carved out of that of Chester-le-Street, and the rural deanery of Lanchester, formed out of that of Durham.

—During an unusually heavy fog, the iron steamer Gothenburg City, owned by Mr. Christopher Furness, M.P., and loaded with cattle and timber, ran upon St. Mary's Island, off the mouth of the Tyne, and subsequently became a wreck.

27.—The wages of masons in Newcastle and district were advanced from 8d. to 9d. per hour.

28.—It was resolved to prohibit bicycle-riding in the Armstrong and Heaton Parks, Newcastle.

—Mr. John Elliott, who recently resigned the office of Chief-Constable of Gateshead, took a formal farewell of the magistrates and solicitors in the Police Court. (See page 286.)

30.—The Lightfoot Scholarship in connection with Durham University, and of the value of £50, was, for the first time, awarded to Frederick B. Smith, as the result of the recent B.A. examination.

## JULY.

1.—The Earl of Eldon entertained his tenantry in the county of Durham at the North-Eastern Hotel, Darlington, in celebration of the coming of age of his eldest son, Viscount Encombe.

—At a meeting of the Newcastle City Council, it was unanimously resolved to offer the honorary freedom of the city to the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, M.P., during his expected visit to Newcastle in October.

2.—The Lord Bishop of Durham formally opened the new Mission Room connected with St. Matthew's Church, Silksworth.

—Mr. William Hall, Mayor of Springhill, Cumberland County, Nova Scotia, and formerly a working pitman in the North of England, paid a visit to Ryhope Colliery.

—A stained glass window, in memory of the late Bishop Lightfoot, was unveiled in the church of St. Ignatius the Martyr, Sunderland.

—Mr. Justice Day arrived in Newcastle as one of the judges of assize, and on the following day he was joined by Mr. Justice Grantham.

—It was announced that the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. J. Baxter Ellis) was one of a committee formed for the purpose of promoting the erection of a statue of the Queen in some prominent position in London, and that his Worship was also prominent in the list of subscribers.

—In the Grand Jury Room, at the Moot Hall, Newcastle, Sir Matthew White Ridley, Bart., M.P., chairman of the Northumberland County Council and of the County Justices, was presented by the magistrates with a life-size portrait of himself, painted by Professor Herkomer. A replica of the work was afterwards placed in the Grand Jury Room attached to the Moot Hall Courts in Newcastle.

3.—Mr. C. Francis Lloyd, journalist and musician, of South Shields, was entertained to a complimentary supper previous to his leaving the North of England for Bristol.

4.—The annual demonstration of the miners in the county of Durham was held on Durham Racecourse. The speakers were Messrs. S. Storey, Atherley Jones, T. Burt, and W. R. Cremer, M.P.'s, in addition to the agents and leading members of the Miners' Executive. The amount of the Miners' Fund was stated to be £52,260.

—Dorothy Sinclair, aged 44, was convicted, at the Northumberland Assizes, of the manslaughter of her husband, Thomas Sinclair, on the 11th of March, and was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour. (See p. 237.)

—The large glass works belonging to Mr. Edward Moore, J.P., situated at West Holborn, South Shields, were destroyed by fire, the damage being estimated at 45,000.

5.—The screw-steamer Dunholme, of West Hartlepool, bound from Middlesbrough for Rio Janeiro, was sunk by collision near Dover. Seventeen of the crew were drowned.

—The Rev. Allen Dennis Jeffery, successor to the late Dr. Rutherford, commenced his ministry in the Bath Lane Church, New-



REV. ALLEN DENNIS JEFFERY.

castle. Mr. Jeffery, who is a native of Northampton, was born on the 1st of August, 1864. The rev. gentleman had successfully passed through the course of study at Rotherham College. Mr. Jeffery was welcomed by the congregation and friends at a public tea meeting in the Bath Lane Hall on the 6th.

6.—In connection with the College of Science, Newcastle, it was announced that Dr. Wm. C. Mackenzie had been appointed lecturer in agricultural chemistry, and Mr. C. H. Thompson, M.A., student of Christ Church, Oxford, mathematical lecturer.

7.—Benjamin Pearson, 41, clerk, was charged at the Newcastle Assizes that he, on the 2nd ult., in the parish of St. Nicholas, feloniously did kill and slay one Thomas Feargus O'Connor Townshend. Prisoner was found not guilty. At the same time and place, Albert Law, 33, plumber (on bail), was charged with having, on the 9th of May, feloniously killed Robert Ashley at Spital Tongues. The jury found the prisoner guilty of manslaughter, and he was sentenced to one month's imprisonment. At the same assizes, William White Greaves, 56, fitter, charged that he, on the 2nd of May, "unlawfully and maliciously and feloniously did wound one William Smith, with intent to do him some grievous bodily harm," was sentenced to 15 calendar months' hard labour.

—Robert Smith, aged 27, engine driver, engaged on the South Shields and Marsden Railway, was killed through his head coming in contact with the wooden footbridge which spans the line near the Trow Rocks.

—Probate of the will of Sir Horace St. Paul, late of Ewart Park, Northumberland, Bart., who died on the 28th of May last, aged 79 years, was granted to the acting executor, Mr. George Grey, of Millfield, Wooler. Testator appointed Olivia, Countess of Tankerville, guardian of his only child, Maria St. Paul, to whom on her attainment of the age of 21 years he bequeathed all his real estate and the residue of his personal estate, the personalty being of the value of £3,287 2s. 1d.

10.—At Gateshead Borough Police Court, Frank Stoker, apparently 35 years of age, was charged with wounding Mary Brooke, with intent to kill and murder her, while in Fenwick's lodging-house, Pipewellgate, on the 27th ult. The prisoner was remanded until the 13th, when he was committed for trial.

## General Occurrences.

### JUNE.

12.—A man named Walter Lewis Turner and his mother were arrested on a charge of horribly mutilating and murdering a child at Horsforth, near Leeds.

—The Senaputty of Manipur, India, was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged for being concerned in a massacre of British officers.

14.—At Bridgeport, California, a Chinaman upon being acquitted of a charge of murder, was dragged from the court by a mob, and handed over to Indians, who cut him to pieces.

—While a heavy train drawn by two locomotives was crossing a bridge over the river Boise, a tributary of the Rhine, the structure collapsed, the engines and three carriages being precipitated into the river. About thirty-five people were killed.

16.—The O'Gorman Mahon, member for county Carlow, died in his 88th year, after a most extraordinary career.

17.—Intelligence was received of an outbreak in Hayti, during which the President and two hundred of the Government supporters were killed.

—M. Turpin, M. Triponé, M. Feuvrier, and M. Fasseler were found guilty by the Correctional Tribunal of the Seine of communicating to the agents of a foreign Government the secret of the composition of melinite, and were all fined and sentenced to five years' imprisonment, except M. Feuvrier, whose imprisonment was limited to two years.

—In an action for breach of promise brought by Miss Valerie Wiedemann against the Hon. Robert Horace Walpole, the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages £300.

19.—The returns for the census in Scotland were issued, showing the total population to be 4,033,103.

29.—During gunnery practice in the Pacific Ocean a gun exploded on board H.M. cruiser Cordelia. Five men were killed, and other twelve wounded.

### JULY.

3.—The Emperor of Germany stated that the Triple Alliance between Austria, Italy, and Germany had been renewed for a term of seven years.

4.—Mr. W. H. Gladstone, eldest son of the ex-Premier, died at Lord Blantyre's residence in London. He was 51 years of age, and had sat in Parliament for Chester, Whitby, and East Worcestershire.

—The German Emperor and the Empress arrived at Sheerness on a State visit to this country. Subsequently the Emperor visited London, and attended a State performance at the Royal Italian Opera, together with many other important functions organised in his honour.

7.—Four men named Slocum, Smiler, Wood, and Jugiro were executed by electricity at Sing Sing prison, New York.

8.—The result of a Parliamentary election for Carlow Ireland, was declared as follows:—Hammond (anti-Parnellite), 3,755; Kettle (Parnellite), 1,539.

10.—The census returns for England and Wales were issued, the total population being placed at 29,001,018.

—The Gienburn Hydropathic establishment at Rothsay was destroyed by fire.